

THE
TUTOR OF TRUTH.
BY
THE AUTHOR OF
THE
PUPIL OF PLEASURE, &c. &c.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

However Hypocrisy may flourish for a time, even its
happiest moments are clouded, and TRUTH shall at last
prevail.

LONDON,
Printed for RICHARDSON and URQUHART,
under the Royal Exchange.

M DCC LXXIX.

TUTOR OF TRUTH

THE AUTHOR OF

THE

PURITAN PLEASURE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

How, I greatly may obtain for a time, even the
happiest moments of pleasure, and I am still at last
prevailing.

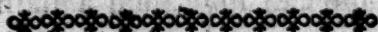
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MCCCLXXIX.



THE
TUTOR OF TRUTH.



LETTER LIII.

G. LASCELLES, Esq. to Capt. CARLISLE.

YOU are absolutely too effeminately scrupulous, CARLISLE—what I proposed was well meant. However, as your virtue is of a most obstinate, anchoretical nature, which neither love nor friendship can make a voluptuous

VOL. II.

B

impression

impression upon, I shall quit the subject; but not without saying, that you are a very singular man; and I question, upon the whole, whether the sex like you a bit the better for those scruples which stand so constantly betwixt you and a delicious offer.

As to Miss DE GREY, it is as impossible she can love such a flash in the pan, such a match always lighted, as MEDWAY, as it is impossible for her to live in the same house with CLEMENT CARLISLE, and not be (however secretly) in raptures with him—that is to say—if his *ice* does not lie in the way. Seriously, CLEMENT, *you* make difficulties where I should go as smoothly as upon a carpet. The Marchioness remains quiet, and I am your entire friend,

GEORGE LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

From the Same to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.

Dear ANDREW,

THE stratagem takes: I have written the letter we projected, and it answers our expectation. He could not bear the idea—he was hurt—he could not believe his eyes—he would not do her such a violence for the world—But you knew his virtue. I judge it is owing in a great degree to my caution in directing to you in a *counterfeit* hand, that has kept our correspondence so long as private as we wished it; for, had I written in my usual character, a single letter would have betrayed me

to CARLISLE, with whom I have lived on terms of absolute intimacy for ten years, without his ever suspecting me to be a *jolly* fellow. So easy is it for men of spirit, to impose upon these mighty good kind of men. Never, surely, was any thing half so a-propos, as his putting the Marchioness under my care—or rather my sister's, who really thinks me as great a faint as CARLISLE himself. But to come to the point, it may certainly be contrived for you to take unto your bosom this Italian treasure—CARLISLE refuses her, that's one plea—you are a fine fellow, that's another—you have money, that's greater than even the former: her passions are awake, that's number 4 in your favour: she is married, and therefore above the folly of sollicitation—number 5—her constitution glows like the torrid zone—number 6—She abhors the

the Marquis—count *nine* for that. In short, she will, she must, she *shall* be your's—As to the arrival of the Marquis, do not apprehend any danger from that quarter: I have counteracted the contents of the letter from CARLISLE, you may depend on it. It is, by your LASCELLES, so ordered, that, if he goes at all in search of his *Perdita*, he will not direct his course to England, but to a very different quarter of the globe. I will prepare every other grand essential, even till your bed is dressed with roses. In the mean time keep HEATHCOATE ignorant of the business, and continue to use, or rather to amuse *him*, with the *ridiculous* that results from your play upon the HODSONS, DREWSONS, HEWSONS—what the plague is their vulgar name? He is a worthy fellow, but not fit for *such* a plot as the

6 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

present—therefore till the deed be done,
keep him out of it.

As to the Lady's beauty, depend on
your old caterer for that. I have a
hawk's eye at a pretty wench. To say
the truth, the Marchioness is more to
your taste than any I have had the ho-
nour and friendship to recommend.
Her eyes have just that fluid floating in
them, and are exactly of that brilliant
black you like: her nose is turned to
the perfection of *your* beauty—a little
on the aquiline, and set off by a pair of
brows so markedly expressive of plea-
sure, that you may depend upon them.
Then her lips is first of that superior
order, without corpulence, and so full
of majesty, without haughtiness, that
most attaches you. Her bosom is finely
filled, and rises, as the poet emphatically
terms

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 3

terms it, "suing to be pressed." Her arms, hands, fingers, are, likewise, all suited to you. But enough. She is to be the subject of a much closer criticism than it is even possible for me to give.

Once more, however, let me charge you, by an old and serviceable friendship, never to breathe the name of LASCELLES in any way not consistent with every thing sacred. You know my loss of a damned fortune at one stroke of the die, first reduced me to this. As it was impossible to hold *still the elbow*, something was necessary to repair my mischance, and, literally speaking, keep me *in play*: besides which, I was to live as I had ever been used to do; I was to be the same character. Two paths presented themselves,

8 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

selves, the one led to the gallows by the way of purse-gathering, the other to the accommodation of a friend, by the way of *woman*. I saw you, loved you, valued your *health*, and chose the latter path. You know how I have succeeded : let the ample catalogue of your passions, gratified in every form, convince you of it. You *only* I served : you only know me to be not absolutely—
a CARLISLE. I once more repeat to you the necessity of burning every letter, and every slip of paper you get from me, the moment it comes to hand : if a syllable at any time transpires, I am destroyed for ever : the consequence of which irreparable injury is, that I must cut your throat. But keep our counsel and you shall be the very Jupiter of a seraglio.

I shook


THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 9

I *shook* hard last night; my hand trembles this morning at the disappointment. Pray send fifty pieces to take off, by way of bracer.

Adieu.

LASCHELLES.

LETTER



LETTER LV.

SIR ANDREW FLIGHT TO G. LASCELLES,
Esq.

GEORGY,

THOUGH BLESSINGBOURNE
has not yet honoured my last draughts,
and I have but just an hundred pieces
about me, I, nevertheless, divide chear-
fully with you—My purse is your's—
How canst talk so childishly about dis-
closure of secrets? Could you not have
me cut into piecemeal by fathers, bro-
thers, aunts, mothers, and cousins, if
I were ridiculous enough to blab? I
adore woman to *please* me, and men to
laugh at. *You* very liberally supply
me

me with the one kind of gratification, HEATHCOATE with the other. Neither jars with the other's province, and I have money enough to support you both. As to character, I like it as well as you, and except laughing at men, and lying with women, I solemnly declare I would not do a wrong thing for the world. But every man to his passions—those are mine. You rejoice my heart with repeating to me in every letter the personal charms of CARLISLE's fair follower. 'Tis a confounded thing though, to consider she is so taken with CARLISLE; and yet to do him justice, he is an elegant, glorious fellow. Every day marks the goodness of his heart, and you would be an ingrateful dog to say a syllable against him. If you can *prevent all risque* (for though you fight for me, I hate quarrels) I will be satisfied with your success by the middle of
next

12 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

next month. In the meantime I have a game of my own to play. Just such a one as I can manage without assistance. Not a snap of the finger of peril attending the whole enterprise. But, HEATHCOATE is my correspondent in this adventure; it is not of *importance* enough for the ambitious GEORGE LASCELLES, whom even a Marchioness cannot deter from his attempts: the object of my present humble aspiring is only the wife of the most grazier-looking HAL. HEWSON. But mum, not a word more on a subject that does not belong to you. HEATHCOATE is the man for trifles and laugh. MEDWAY is, as usual, the most sullen rascal in Europe; he was going to run me through the body the other day for tossing down a tumbler of fair water, which (though I swear it was an accident) he insisted was done with an ill-natured design to spot his

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 13

his waistcoat—CARLISLE, who is ever
a peace-maker, interfered, or else I
should most likely have written to you
from Elysium.

Your's,

The Earl of Bessingbourne to Mr.

Dr. Grey.

A. F.

Y
I am very sorry to hear of your illness, and I trust you are well, and therefore I trust
to make friendly inquiries after your
health. As to any other kind of your
disease, it is impossible to be conceived;
how should it be well understood?
gentleman as Mr. Dr. Grey, forget
Vol. II. C. LETTER

14 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH

LETTER LVI.

The Earl of BLESSINGROURNE to Mr.
DE GREY.

SIR,

YOU did not remember either me or my overtures respecting my nephew, Sir ANDREW, by the post. Certainly you are *ill*, and therefore I send to make friendly inquiries after your health. As to any *other* cause of your delay, it is impossible to be conceived; for how should so well-informed a gentleman as Mr. DE GREY forget, what is due to a very splendid offer, from one of the *oldest peers in the realm*?

The

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 15

The Countess renews her compliments.
I am in hourly expectation of a duke-
dom: your address, however, at pre-
sent, is, as usual, to the Right Hon.
the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE.

I am, Sir, your's,

BLESSINGBOURNE

C 2

LETTER

LETTER LVII.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

THOUGH your last relished ~~more~~, my dear LASCELLES, of the *inconsiderate* than I hope belongs to your character, yet it set my heart at rest upon the subject of the Marchioness.

Another strange circumstance has happened in this family. Two days after I had returned such a reply to Mr. DE GREY's letter as appeared to me proper and consistent, he put into my hands a letter from BLESSINGBOURNE, who had made formal overtures of marriage betwixt Miss DE GREY and Sir ANDREW FLIGHT. Nothing ever
excited

excited more real astonishment, for I had never once dreamt of a treaty coming from that quarter, knowing, so perfectly as I do, LUCIA's *opinion* of Sir ANDREW. The epistle was penned with all the title-swelled vanity connected with the BLESSINGBOURNE character; and coronets, crests, and supporters, lions rampant, spread eagles, and fields azure, danced through every line. Having commented upon the style, with a good humour, which is above turning the result of a man's infirmity into a cause of affront, Mr. DE GREY asked me my opinion of the match—

Pray heaven, I may never undergo so severe a trial as I sustained in the process of the following short but most agonizing conversation, of which, you will have the more perfect idea from

18 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

dialogue. It past in Mr. DE GREY's library.

Mr. DE GREY.

I have ever made you, my dear Mr. CARLISLE, my confident upon various occasions: we have never canvassed together a *love affair*. Though you tell me *you* are to have a little more knowledge of society, before you venture upon a wife; yet I know you to have a very competent judgement of these things, because you have ever been an accurate observer. This letter before us, opens to you a secret of the utmost consequence to your friends. Peace. What do you think of it?

CARLISLE.

Sir—you must certainly—be—be the best judge of these matters—Tis too nice a point—

Mr.

Mr. DE GREY.

Riches you know are out of the question. Titles do not glow in my eyes, as they do in those of his Lordship—

CARLISLE.

Oh—Mr. DE GREY—what—what are titles, to—to—

DE GREY.

To what, my CLEMENT?

CARLISLE.

I beg pardon, Sir.—Perhaps a *Countess* may not displease even the amiable Miss DE GREY.

DE GREY.

What, you would advise her then to the match; would you, my friend?

CARLISLE.

20 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

CARLISLE.

Who, *I* advise—Gracious God forbid that I—that is—I should be sorry any thing might, from my advice, turn out so—so—so as—

DE GREY.

Nobody, to be sure, can answer for events: but what do *you think* of Sir ANDREW, my dear CARLISLE?

CARLISLE.

What does Miss DE GREY think of him, Sir?

DE GREY.

That's what I meant rather to ask you. As an old friend, I did not know but she might have let you into the secret—

CARLISLE.

CARLISLE.

What secret, Sir—?

DE GREY.

Perhaps, you think more highly of—
Mr. Medway. [I was ready to sink into
the earth, LASCELLES, at this question.]

CARLISLE.

OF *Mr. Medway*, Sir!—To be sure
MEDWAY—*Mr. Medway*, certainly,
Sir—if he meets the Lady's appro-
bation.

DE GREY.

At any rate I will decline his Lord-
ship's offer. I am persuaded, *LUCIA*
has no sort of affection for *Sir Andrew*.
He is too light, too volatile.—Now,
that objection does not, I think, lie
against

22 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

against MEDWAY. He is a strange bearded, but I believe he is a good hearted creature. Do you think *this* person a better match?

CARLISLE.

He has made offers then, Sir, has he?

DE GREY.

Admitting he had, is he a man you would have me fix on?—

CARLISLE.

If to Miss DE GREY he were agreeable, Sir,—to be sure—you—you—you could not do better—

DE GREY.

Tell me frankly, my dearest Captain, do you know any body whom you

you think she likes *better* in the tender way we speak of?—

CARLISLE.

Sir—likes better—likes better than Mr. MEDWAY?

DE GREY.

Aye, my friend—I could wish her happiness to depend, in some measure, upon your choice. Perhaps neither Sir ANDREW, nor MEDWAY, are the men you would fix on—Be candid—do you know—are you acquainted with any person who you think loves her more tenderly?—

CARLISLE.

More tenderly!—oh yes, my dear Mr. DE GREY, ten thousand times—more tenderly—oh God of heaven!—

DE

DE GREY.

You charm me with the tydings.—
Pray name him to me—Is he young?
Is he amiable—Is he steady—has he
any of the virtues that distinguish the—
of——of——

Here, LASCELLES, the conversation
was interrupted by the appearance of
MEDWAY himself, who came bursting
into the library for his fishing pole.

Never was man relieved more criti-
cally. We were talking of you, Mr.
MEDWAY, said Mr. DE GREY,—
hush—hush—cried MEDWAY, empha-
tically extending his finger—'Tis plain,
Mr. DE GREY has fixed his heart, as
well as LUCIA *ber's*, on this man. Yet
what a strange conversation! For hea-
ven's

ven's sake help me, if possible, to a clue. Yet MEDWAY—depend on it, MEDWAY is the man, to the terror of

Your

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

VOL. II. D LETTER.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. DE GREY to the Earl of BLES-
SINGBOURNE.

MY LORD,

THE importance of the consideration to both the young parties concerned, and the regard that is due to the natural inclinations, as to the acquired affections, are the apologies I have to offer for *appearing* to neglect a suitable return of acknowledgment for the honour of your Lordship's letter, and for the ample proposals it contained.

Prior to the receipt of your Lordship's favour, I made some attempt to obtain

obtain the secret of my child's heart, and *since*, I have made a like attempt upon the heart of *another* person. Not, my Lord, that it is possible for me to prefer any gentleman to the nephew of the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE, but because I suspected an affection subsisting elsewhere: I think, my Lord, I have discovered a passion in my daughter, and a *return* of it in a certain young friend of mine, that may, possibly, grow, in a little time, into a circumstance of essential consequence.

Within a few days I shall be more assured of this, and if my child proves to have a heart not pre-engaged, there can be no doubt of her soon becoming sensible of the great honour of an alliance with so near a branch of the BLESSINGBOURNE family. On the contrary, if it should turn out that her af-

fections are already possessed, it will appear obvious to your Lordship, that, as, in such a case, she cannot reward the tenderness of Sir ANDREW, she can have no just title to the many dignities, and the immense fortunes which would follow such a union.

What I would invite then from your Lordship, is, a short *suspension*, that the matter may lie open. I again repeat, that a few days will naturally determine every thing. In the meantime, Sir ANDREW had better, I conceive, remain unacquainted with our treaty, lest it should any way terminate to his dissatisfaction. On *my* part, I will hasten the necessary discovery as much as in my power, although your Lordship will easily imagine, a father's power, in a point of so much importance, is not very extensive, when the father

is

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 29

is convinced of his child's integrity and discretion.

I shall be happy, my Lord, to hear, that the mode, I have submitted to your Lordship, is crowned with your approbation.

I *distinguish* myself when I present my most humble compliments to the Countess, and I have the honour to be,

My Lord, your Lordship's

Most devoted and obedient servant,

ROBERT DE GREY.

LETTER LIX.

The Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE to R. DE
GREY, Esq.

SIR,

THE Countess and I had no conception of such a reply to our very distinguishing overtures, in favour of a young person utterly *untitled*; we receive a very ill return from you, Mr. DE GREY. Our visit to Prudence Place was, principally, (out of an old friendship, and because we thought your daughter a very decent, prudent person) to *promote a match* between her and our nephew. We offered the most peculiar splendours, we offered lineal honours—

honours—but we are desired to wait the issue of *another treaty*. And pray, Sir, may we ask, which or who it is amongst your friends that ought to have the first offer in preference to the nephew and heir of the Earl of BLESSINGBOURNE? I shall not mention the clear annual rent-roll of near fifty thousand guineas a year, that will devolve to him, nor will I rest my consequence upon the superbest equipage; nor on the most magnificent seats in Europe; I confine myself to that illustrious line, into which the arms of your young Lady would be, if I may so say,—*encoated*. Every body can tell, Mr. DE GREY, I am not a boaster; but, indeed, your tardy conduct borders somewhat upon incivility and disrespect. The Countess thinks so too. Nevertheless, we still think your LUCIA would adorn a coronet; she is her favourite.

A little

32 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

A little intercourse with my Lady, after marriage, would make her—would—properly speaking—*prepare* her for her new honours. Once more therefore we offer our services to you again, and upon the full assurance of your immediate consent, the Countess and I are proceeding to measures that may bring the point to a crisis.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

BLESSINGBOURNE.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

From the Same to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT,
at R. DE GREY's, Esq.

Dear ANDREW,

WE have reasons to desire you will look upon *Lucia De Grey*, as upon a Lady that is first to be the Lady FLIGHT, and afterwards Countess of BLESSINGBOURNE, if not of a rank still higher. She will be informed of this circumstance at the same time you are; and as soon as certain preliminaries between Mr. DE GREY and I are adjusted, the ceremony shall be compleated. To be sure the honours are every one in our hands, but never mind that: she is a beautiful

34 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

a beautiful woman : and with regard to honours, as they cannot be divided, we are contented to *bestow* them in consideration of her merit and person.

I shall *give* you very liberally, and I send you now a bill for present use, though, by-the-by, it astonishes both me and the Countess, how you can continue to squander such sums in a country village during the time of a visit.

Adieu:

BLESSINGBOURNE.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

The Countess of BLESSINGBOURNE to
Miss DE GREY.

Miss DE GREY,

I HAVE prevailed on the Earl to suffer ANDREW, our nephew, to offer you his hand. The acceptance of it is a point so much out of the question, that it would be ridiculous to mention it. To do you justice, you are the only young woman I know, of *no descent*, who could sit at *my* right-hand, upon a visit to certain people, without disgracing me. Nay more, I believe

believe your being *about me* a little when you are Lady LUCIA FLIGHT (for I dare say you will wait patiently for my coronet a few years) will totally finish you both for a carriage and a drawing-room. This is saying very much, Lady LUCIA—'Pshaw, I am so used to write only to people of condition, that I declare I can scarce reconcile my pen to a Miss, or a Madam—This, Miss DE GREY, is, I say, allowing great matters for you. I know but four people upon earth—and one of them is a crowned head—who can either sit in a sedan, carry themselves in a coach, or fill a chair.

On the day of marriage, which shall not be distant, if Mr. DE GREY behaves prudently, I shall decorate you with my own hand. Mean while you will,

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 37

will, doubtless, become sensible of the accomplishments of your future husband.

Adieu.

C. of B.

VOL. II.

E

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

SIR ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

HERE is a fine piece of work cut out, HEATHCOATE. Aunt and uncle have resolved to marry me to LUCIA DE GREY. The old foolish Lord hath sent me a letter which set me laughing for a whole hour. He bids me look upon the damsel as upon the happy she who is to be the *cara sposa* of SIR ANDREW FLIGHT. He bids me prepare for marriage—marriage, HEATHCOATE? If I ever marry—why then—But, by the sacred souls
of

of all the Lords, Barons, Earls, Dukes, Dutcheſſes, Popes, Cardinals, Kings, and Grand Monarques, that went before me, I will turn this event to ſome pleaſant advantage. I ſay pleaſant, becauſe to think upon it *ſeriouſly*, is quite and clean out of the queſtion. LUCIA DE GREY is too modeſt, yet too awful, and too much—a thouſand times too much, hovered over by a ſet of cut-throat fellows, who would ſlice me and eat me, were I to pretend to the ſerious fact. And between ourſelves, I believe both CARLIſLE and MEDWAY are in her train. To ſay the truth, ſhe is a woman I can never laugh either *with* or *at*: for as to the former, I never could make her ſmile at the expence of another in my whole life; no, not even the HEWSONS, who might ſet the muſcles of the very devil upon the ſimper: and

40 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

as to the latter, she does every thing so unaffectedly, that ridicule is obliged to give up the subject in despair. Then she has a cursed method of *looking* so as to command deference; and therefore, beautiful as she is, I hate to be in her company—nevertheless, HEATHCOATE, if I do not draw from this precious epistle of my uncle some divine *fun*—but enough—time will shew.

I am now likely to be in the very meridian of ~~my species of enjoyment~~—after much fatigue of—*laughing*, I have brought the Hewsons to the true perfection of absurdity—a very little time will shew you that the ludicrous can go no farther than I have made it go in them—Such joy—such frolic—such—but it would be absolutely iniquitous to forestall the business—no, let it take you

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 41

you by surprize—let it come on you unawares—let it seize you unprepared, and deluge your cheeks in tears of extacy.

Farewell.

A. F—.

E 3

LETTER.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON to Miss DE
GREY.

Charming Madam,

IT is impossible to have been so long burning under the torrid rays of your transporting beams of beauty, without becoming sensible to their piercing—heart-piercing fervour. As well might the tender bud lie on the shore of India, without being parched by the favours of Apollo—a titled gentleman now at my elbow, but whose name I am not yet entitled to disclose, is, as it were, my guardian genius, and tells me, that you, charming Madam, have

have within these few days been pleased, out of the benignity of your gracious self, to speak of my parts and person with some *condescending complacency*. This emboldens me, charming Madam, to say, that I think you are the most incomparable piece of *celestial workmanship in the way of woman*, that ever glowed under the astonished eyes of a small spectator—the natural consequence of all this, Madam, is, that I am the humblest of your idolaters. I find, charming Madam, met in you, all the graces which Horace, Pliny, Homer, Virgil, and all other writers, ancient or modern, give to their several favourites. Your lips are sweeter than those attributed to Briseis—your hair has more of the *nitidus* in it, than belonged to *that* which was the distinguishing property of the divine Lyce's, and your *air* is considerably more ennobled than *that*

44 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

that of the majestic Dido, Queen of Carthage, celebrated in the *Æneid* written by Virgil.

I should never, charming Madam, have presumed to address such ambitious sentiments to your exalted elegance, were I not told that you prefer scientific superiority to personal perfection. Some persons have been pleased to flatter me with possessing pretty fully the laurels of the *first* excellence; and as to the *last*, though nature hath not endowed me altogether with the graces of a CARLISLE, yet I find in my glass an alteration somewhat for the better every day, and hope in the end to *step* without any kind of embarrassment.

I take love-secrets to be amongst the *sanctum sanctorum* of *arduous rebus*, and therefore I beg *this* may be confined

to

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH 45

to the sacred shrine of your most beautiful bosom.

I am, charming Madam,

Your obsequious slave,

(in rosy fetters)

GABRIEL HEWSON.

P. S.

Omnia vincit amor.

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

MR. HENRY HEWSON TO MR. HEATH-
COATE, Esq.

Esquire,

I HAVE not *catched* up goose feather for some time. Case why? because I was amind to gee time for the perfaction of the thing—I am got a woundly way since my last, and fancy a couple o'weeks more will finish me, that is, if Sir ANDREW sticks close by me, and I continues to *practise* the thing—Case why? *practise* makes perfect. To shew you that I ha' not been silent for nothing, I must let you know that

I ha'n't

I ha'n't chang'd ten words with HETT. this week. Case why? what's so far from the goe of the genteel gig, as to take notice of one's household spouse before company? 'specially when a body is learning a *touch of the times*. To say truth, her lips looked develish ruddy *i'other* day, and I lent um a smack that echoed like waggon whip—for I could not help it, seeing that's she's one of your dainty ones—but Sir ANDREW soon took me aside, and ga' me a bit of a lesson, and made me heartily ashamed *on't*. I must let you know too, that I manage my little bit of a *black sack* bobbishly, *thof* ribbons and flourriddles at sides tickle nape o' one's neck consumedly. Neither do I look so damn'd ugly as might be surspected, regard to frenchied foretop, and hair-bundles stuck out side of one's head. Fat of
one's

48 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

one's feace helps to take of hugeness of thing, which is but natural, seeing that *one* swells out *i'other*; and this makes feace and hair go, as a man may say, cheek-by-jowl without quarreling. It's pity, I'm given to *sweattin* so much, as I find it don't do at all for a better-most person. I ha' got half dozen fine white handkerchiefs, but they're so cuffed *cambrickey* that they are nothing in such a *grepe* as mine, and I melt so this smoaking weather, that I make 'em every mother's son quite of a stew. Truth is, I begin to see, *pliteness* has, like every thing else, 'vantages and not 'vantages. When I was an ignoramus, I used to sit in hall, or ride to hayfield with nightcap on head, or coloured handkerchief under hat for 'vantage of dripping in summertide; but no such matter *now*; there's nothing
so

so ill-bred as to be caught *sweattin*; nay, more than that, 'tis quite out of the goe of the thing to mention the very word—'tis *sweattin* with fellers of yesterday, but, I find, 'tis *presfiation* with folks that are obliged to be *desunt*. Sir ANDREW has been at me some time (seeing I can't keep this *presfiation* to myself) to bleed and bolus for six weeks or so, that I may vacuate some of my *moister*, and dry up my porulles abit. What do you think of this, Esquire? I hate purgers as I hate *Lucifer—Satan-cotus*, as Gab calls him, but I would even *potecarryarize* myself for sake of good breeding. To tell you the truth, there is sort of a pleasant comical *nothing-at-all*, in the life of your better-mort genii, that I like mortationly well indeed. I warrant you, we went it round the great garden last night by moon-

shine for two hours—none but your tip-top specie, giggling and going it all the time—clack—clack—clack—yes—yes—yes—no—no—no—ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—ti-rum, ti-rum—ti-ti-dum—Pardon me, Madam—pardon me, Miss—*Skuse* me, Sir—out with the foot—off with the hat—down with the breech—oh Esquire—Esquire HEATHCOATE, 'tis just the thing to a T. Last night, a little afore we went awalkin, I finished *giving the band*, as they call it—that is to say, getting a pretty lady over a gutter, for instance—or handin her over a puddle, or any thing the same way—allowing for th'alteration. I was once, before I had my fortune, low enough to say on such *caffion*, Come Bet, Het, Pol, Mol, Fan, Kit, or what not—allowing for the alteration—Come, gee us your fist, or tip us your daddle—

daddle—or lends hold o' your fore-foot, else may hap you may draggle the tail o' you in the water. Odds merciful miserecordibus! as Gab says, no such thing now by a million. *Contrary* so much, that one of the best things a better-most body *can* do, is to manage this matter as't should be. Sir ANDREW himself, for sample, is the greatest dabster in the world at it. For instance, *there's* he, *there's* a woman, and *there's* a crossing, or a slippihin of waterwash; mayhap, we'll say, covered o'er with stepping stones—*Now* mark, Esquire. Now comes your jemmy work—Well—get over they must—Indulge me, Miss, or Madam, or my Lady, says he, allowing for th'alteration, with the favor of your fair hand—Sir, you are very *plite*. Well—what's next? Whew—she's a t'other side. But how the misere-

cordibus did she get there I wonder, says you? Ah! there lies the point. Now I'll tell you. First, Miss, &c. allowing for the alteration, tucks up piece of petticoat, sets her pretty foot on stepping stone, shews dainty turn'd ankle, and is obliged, for the sake of bettermost breedin, to look a little as if she was scar'd. Oh, Lord—says she—Fear not, dear creature, divine angel, noble Madam, magnanimous Miss, &c. allowing for the alteration—fear nothing: then, Esquire, he *takes* her hand, and *takes* her waist, and gis her a *querrick*, and they *take* a little bit of a thing 'twixt a hop and a jump, and he kisses her glove, and bends hinder-part, and bows head, and gets grin into's feace, and gis a bit of he, he, he, and shews his white, powder-purg'd grinders, and—and—'tis all over as neat as the
Lady's

Lady's leg : I ha' been a long while on this head, case 'tis almost half way clean up to the top genii, and Sir ANDREW 'clares 'pon his honour, no gentleman can do long without it—I ha' practis'd hugely, and I find I am up to every part of the puddle-pliteness, 'cept *poufing* out hinder-part, and getting the grin. In aiming at the first matter, I ha' overset one of Master DE GREY's china jars; for the thing is natural. I a'n't made quite so plite as I should be 'bout the bottom of waist, or mayhap a little bit farder, so it's out of the question for me to wriggle't as little and limberly as such a fine genteel, greyhound-ham'd son of a gentleman as Sir ANDREW. The grin too is, as I just now said, a hard thing to hit off. I can't, for soul of me, find out any thing to make a man laugh at getting

a woman over a cartret, and as to laughing where one don't see the joke, and where the thing is one almost nothing at all, I never could do it since I was born. Besides, why? I am so cuss'd *covered* about the gills, that if I could laugh as heartily as Sir ANDREW, 'twould not do, for my cheeks are too *solidum firmus*, if a man chose to be learned, that it's enough to crack one's cheek furniture. I begin to-day to learn to hold my tongue, or else talk about nothing, just as cassion sees fit. Hett gets on at a pure size. Sir ANDREW is giving her a lectur about airs, and high notions, fan-fluttering—hemming, and the like, now in the garden. Gab would do very well if his larning did not stand in his way. But we shall all be fit to be seen in a short time, before we go back; tho' as to coming
near

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 55

near Captain CARLISLE, that's impossible: yet I am sure he never took any pains to be better-most, for every thing he does looks too easy for that—same thing with Miss LUCIA.

Esquire, farewell,

Or vally, as Gab says,

Your's,

H. HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER LXV.

Mrs. HEWSON to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.

YOU assure me there is nothing more common, than for elegant people to write to each other, while they are under the same roof. You propose Lord and Lady SHUTTLECOCK, of your acquaintance, as examples, who, you tell me, when even they are chagrin'd, retire to their chambers, and keep the waiting-woman upon the hurry-scurry, with carrying notes of reproach to and fro, for several hours. Well, I protest, I wish the practice were universal, for it's mighty pretty; but *then*, indeed, it would become vulgar, and after that, it would *nauseate*.

Miss

Miss LUCIA is so filled with spleen and megrim, that there is no getting an answer out of *her*. As to corresponding with *you*, Sir ANDREW, whom I *see* every hour, what can I possibly have to say? If you wish me upon paper, as well as in person, to assure you, that I most cordially detest—detest *every thing*, that was once most charming, I *will* repeat it. No truth was ever clearer. Those lasses, who were favourites formerly in my village, are *now* as detestable to me as the village itself. I was once so great a novice as to find pleasure in seeing my rustic neighbours walk in their Sunday dresses with their happy homely husbands, and assemble in the shade. My foolish heart leapt as they sat singing at their doors, or working at their windows—the very *hollo—how-do-you*, and *hail-fellow-well-met*, had all attractions for me—The
smell

58 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

smell of an hay-cart was pleasure, and the sight of an harvest-home absolute extacy. Note the alteration: I am wholly *inverted* in point of pleasure: if, on my return to Helter-Skelter-Hall (which is fitting up) I feel any satisfaction from the sight of people working at windows, or singing at doors, it will be upon account of the pride of comparing *their* grovelling situation with *mine*: if I hear the noise of an hay-cart, it will be only from reflecting that my *carriage-horses* (for such I will have) shall fare the better for it.—If I can again reconcile to myself the presence of lads and wenches *dizened* out in their foolish finery, it will only be for the joy of my sweeping by them in magnificence, that shall make them shy off with amazement: and if an harvest-home can ever more become supportable, it will only be from the consideration

deration that 'it comes but once a year, and is then over for a twelvemonth— What other arguments can I use to convince you of my readiness to adopt the modes and manners you speak of?— As to Mr. HEWSON—he is a very good creature, and, when you have done with him, I shall love him better than ever. I cannot come into your opinion about the *elopement* you speak of, be it ever so fashionable; for I most assuredly *do* love Harry, and therefore it is impossible. Your assertions of *tendernefs* to me, I am to take, you know, as mere effects of sentiments which are to come *of course*, and as such, they are very gallant. I shall not, indeed, be in any degree angry with you for the continuance of such civilities in the way of promoting breeding. Nor will I scruple any thing so accomplished a gentleman proposes, except the elopement scheme, which, I
again

again say, I can never consent to. Any thing else I obey—nay, I have convinced you of it. I do not speak to Harry *before company*; I walk and step as different as possible from what I did—I perceive the absolute necessity of only occasionally *bearing* and *seeing*: I find every now and then as violent a desire to faint, after a little decent walking, as Lady BLESSINGBOURNE herself.—I was almost expiring with the smell of violets last night *in my room*, though I used to doat on them. I can drink two glasses, and *exactly* another half, of wine and water—My dinners, of late, never digest, without a drop of ratafia. Those drops, and restoratives, which I before never heard of but in *books*, are now a part of my existence. I can bear no smells but such as are *artificial*. Every thing *natural* actually turns upon my stomach. I used to rise at six, I
am

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 61

am now never up till near twelve.—I used to let my arms brave the sunbeams—I now sleep in gloves.—I used to defy the tan; I now never venture to stir without a shade.

What would you wish more ?

My seven o'clock lesson in LUCIA'S bower shall certainly not be forgotten. Mean time I have the great honour to be Sir ANDREW FLIGHT'S

most obedient,

and

very humble servant,

HENRIETTA HEWSON.

LETTER LXVI.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

O MISS LASCELLES, what strange and unaccountable confusions are every hour happening in this house? Here is now come down formal overtures from Lord BLESSINGBOURNE, for the ever fickle Sir ANDREW FLIGHT. The Countess too has written to me, in a way, that ought to make me ill satisfied with her. My father has had a letter, and Sir ANDREW himself received encouragement in this business from—*his own vanity*. He sent into my chamber this morning the ridiculous inclosure. But I must break off

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 63

off my letter almost as soon as I have begun it. A summons is given which I never disobey. In haste, therefore,

Adieu.

LUCIA DE GREY.

[The Inclosed.]

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT's Letter to Miss
DE GREY.

WHAT, lovely LUCIA, is to be done in this business? the old folks you see are resolved.—What says *your* heart upon the subject? Please to consult *that*; and at your leisure, make acquainted with its determinations

Your

ANDREW FLIGHT.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. DE GREY to the Earl of BLES-
SINGBOURNE.

MY LORD,

I CAN now take upon me to say, I should do some violence to my child's inclination, and perhaps wound the bosom of another person, equally dear to me, were I to carry on any longer the most distant idea of a tender connexion betwixt her and Sir ANDREW FLIGHT. It is impossible that I should reply to more of your Lordship's last *peculiar* letter, or, indeed, that I should, with any propriety,

G 3 lengthen

66 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

lengthen this letter, beyond adding to
it the name of

Your Lordship's obedient,

and

most humble servant,

ROBERT DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

Captain CARLISLE to G. LASCELLES.

IF I described to you, in my last, a scene that was painful, I have now one to relate that is dreadful. Mr. DE GREY again desired to-day a conference with me—Miss DE GREY was to partake of it—Ten minutes *before*, we had met, accidentally, in the garden, and, after a moment's pause of confusion, parted precipitately by different walks.—This *second* interview, therefore, came upon us before the anxiety occasioned by the first had worn off. Our disorder became exceedingly visible, and neither of us spoke for a minute, though during that minute it was the elaborate

68 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

elaborate design of both to speak—
Have you not received a *letter*? said
Mr. DE GREY to LUCIA.

A letter, Sir! said she, trembling.

Yes, my dear, from——

From Miss LASCELLES, do you
mean, Sir? Oh, yes, I had one this
day——

No, LUCIA, I mean from the Earl
of BLESSINGBOURNE.

From Lord BLESSINGBOURNE, papa?

[Here, LASCELLES, I rose as if to
withdraw.]

Pray, Mr. CARLISLE, don't leave
us: no business can happen at *this house*,
without

without your being a welcome party.—
Yes, my dear LUCIA, I mean from the
Earl.

No, indeed, Sir.

Nor from the Countess?

Yes, Sir—I—I must confess, I *am*
honoured with one from the Countess.

May I see it?

If I have it about me, Sir—but I am
afraid—oh, no—here it is.

Read it to us, my dear girl; we
know what the Countess can do—and
I have, I believe, the fellow of it.

Excuse me, Sir, I have got a terrible
cough. If you please, I will leave it
with you and Captain CARLISLE.

Pray,

70 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Pray, my best LUCIA, don't stir—
Come, CLEMENT—here, take *my* letter
too, and read *both* to us—

I, Sir?—

Then, I will.

[Here, LASCELLES, he read, first, the
Earl's, and then that of the Countess;
upon which I had the rashness to ex-
claim—I am not very apt to give way
to my indignation; but, if I had here
that *scoundrel* Lord, who can suffer his
wife to insult *such* a woman as Miss
DE GREY, I'd twist his nose off!]

Oh, my dear LASCELLES, what a
scene ensued. LUCIA turned pale—
fixed her eyes upon me, in a kind of
gentle reproach, and, after making an
effort to retire, she fell lifeless on the
floor.

floor. God of Heaven! what did I feel at that moment?—She continued to rise, only to faint again—I kneeled down—I caught her in my arms—My tears bathed her beautiful hand—I staggered under the weight of her, through enfeebling agony—Her dear lips quivered—I leaned down in my confusion, even till I felt *her* cheek upon *mine*—I kissed the tears away—Her father was speechless—She revived a little, but again relapsed, and without alarming any other part of the house (which her delicacy desired might be the case) she was conducted by Mr. DE GREY into her apartment. He is still by her side—I went out in an agony, and I write this in the same situation. What can possibly be the meaning of all this?—Is *Sir Andrew* then at last the man?—Was she so *violently* hurt at my menace against Lord BLESSINGBOUNE?

Does

72 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Does her passion extend to the very roots of the family? What then becomes of *Medway*? Whatever be the truth—it is certain that LUCIA DE GREY is wretched, and therefore it is impossible the most poignant misery should be escaped by the unfortunate

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. LASCELLES to Captain CARLISLE.

I HAVE the pleasure to inform my dear friend that AUGUSTA is more reconciled to her situation than could be expected. She seems, at length, to become conscious of the propriety of taking our advice, admires you for the fortitude of your virtue; and even induces the idea of soon seeing the Marquis; whom, by-the-by, it is near time to hear from. I dispatch this news in a short note, merely because I am convinced it will communicate to you the pleasure it has already given.

Your

G. LASCELLES.

VOL. II.

H

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

Captain CARLISLE in answer.

YOUR favour, relating the happy change in the disposition of the Marchioness, is replied to immediately; and although it came to my hand, just after I had taken it from sealing a letter containing the most pathetic accounts, yet was I not wholly dead to the felicity of so agreeable a piece of fortune. Continue, I beg of you, to confirm, to establish, and to *complete* her in such charming resolutions—tell her, she has now found out the method of making me *truly* admire her: assure her, that by such conduct my adoration is effectually acquired. Inspire her with
cheerful

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 75

cheerful ideas of society—honour—elegance—and all the transports in the train of *truth*—Omit no circumstance that may fix her in the ideas she now entertains.

I am your faithful

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

H 2 LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. LASCELLES to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.

THERE is infinite difficulty in the business—The Marchioness begins to rave about her confinement, which, without the presence of CARLISLE, is, she says, insupportable. . She raves—she stamps—she insists upon seeing him. Thirteen love letters have I destroyed since yesterday morning, which she imagines I was fool enough to send to CARLISLE—One written since upon the same subject, I preserve just to send you by way of specimen—All the glorious fire which she expresses there, shall, in due time, burn for you—I—
GEORGE
LASCELLES,

LASCELLES, the successful, have said it. My sister has written twice to Miss LUCIA of late—She always gives me her packets to put in the office—Not knowing but she might say something improper of the violent Marchioness, I threw the aforesaid packets, not into the office, but into the fire—My head and hands are full, but the Lady is beyond every thing that was ever before seen on this side Heaven; and so I shall go through it with spirit for the sake of my beloved Baronet.

I have been thinking that a few new *trinkets* might soften a hard place or two;—she came unaccommodated, you know. If you were to supply this matter, you might, perhaps, get her *vanity* in your favour—that is a wonderful point gained. When *afterwards* she came to know, that one of the

richest, as well as neatest men in England, was the accommodator, (and upon so disinterested a principle too) why it is ten to one—the thing is, at least, worth an effort or two—whatever, therefore, you remit, shall be laid out to the most *promising advantage*. I am pretty well versed in the baubles that set a woman's eyes sparkling; and if you can once charm the eyes, depend upon it the *heart* is not in a very bad humour.

Adieu.

G. LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXII.

The Duke of DOWNDERDALE to Sir
A. FLIGHT,

Nephew,

LEAVE DE GREY's directly.
You are not to attach yourself to his
daughter. We are ill-treated. Come
post to the Abbey immediately.

P. S.

The dukedom, you see, is obtained.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

SIR ANDREW FLIGHT TO MR. HEATH-
COATE.

I SHALL certainly add to all my *delicious laughs* the secret possession of Mrs. HEWSON—She meets me every evening in the wilderness for *instruction*—Humph—read the inclosed which I have just broke open—Conjecture the charming consequence—But let me see—the moment of meeting is not yet these four hours—what's to be done?—Oh spirit of pleasure, that leavest not a single second of vacancy, I thank thee. I *have* it, and my next shall explain the issue.

A. FLIGHT.

[The

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 81

[The inclosed.]

From Mrs. Hewson.

INDEED, Sir ANDREW, you are unreasonable—it will be carrying the *politesse* too far — A woman may certainly—However, I will meet you, without fail, on purpose to convince you that you are—exceedingly in the wrong.

Your's,

HENRIETTA HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to G. LASCELLES,
Esq.

I HAVE only time just to wrap up a bill or two, which you will lay out to the best advantage, and level your artillery full at the heart of the divine Marchioness, for the future service of

A. FLIGHT.

P. S.

Your letters are all askew. Guess, by the size of my letter, how *busy* I am in *pleasure*.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATH
COATE.

FIRE and faggot, HEATH-
COATE, what a desperate conclusion had
my cursed love of laugh like to have
brought me to! You remember my
promise of turning uncle's love-letter
to advantage—yes, faith, I had like
to have made a pretty advantageous
piece of business of it truly!—Within
an hair's breadth of being drowned,
that's all! Wanting some employment,
as I told you, to amuse the time, be-
twixt four o'clock, and Mrs. H——'s
appointment, I must needs swagger
away into the garden, where I knew
MEDWAY,

84 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

MEDWAY, the monster, had just withdrawn with his angle. He was standing with his eyes fixed intently upon the line, greedily devouring the dancing cork upon the stream, when I passed by on the opposite side, as not seeing him. The Earl's letter was in my hand—I appeared to be tickled to the soul. I affected to hold my sides with the pain of laughing. I mentioned the name of *Lady LUCIA* thrice with rapture. My hero threw down his fishing-rod, and coming round to me with inconceivable violence, and the most scarlet visage you ever beheld, even more *a flame* than a setting sun, he cries out—Puppy, jackanapes — what did you frighten away my fish for? the largest carp that ever was seen nibbled that moment at my bait. Had it not been for you I should have hooked him. What *name*, likewise, was that I heard you mention?—

it

it founded like LUCIA—What letter is that?—give it me this moment.—There is a plot on foot.—Hush, my dear, give it me.

If my uncle insists upon it, OLLY, said I, how the devil can I help it?

Insists upon what? replies he.

Upon my being married, replied I.

Married! to whom?

To Miss LUCIA, that is—*Lady* LUCIA that shall be—Countess of BLESSINGBOURNE, that might have been—Dutchess of DOWNDERDALE, that may be!

What LUCIA? retorted the savage.

86 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Are there then more heavens than one heaven? — more LUCIA DE GREY's than one LUCIA DE GREY? said I, with great intrepidity, taking snuff.

I will read every syllable of that letter before I suffer you to move—I'll not be sported with, Sir ANDREW.

Nay, I am all upon honourable terms. There are no secrets—'Tis to be a public affair, OLLY. There is the letter for thy inspection.

He took it hastily.

While he was swallowing the contents, up came Captain CARLISLE, but, seeing us engaged, with his usual politeness was going to take another part of the garden. As if from some secret impulse, that *worse* was at hand, I beckoned

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 87

I beckoned him. — He walked towards me.

So then you are a fellow who make pretensions to Miss DE GREY, are you?

I did, by no means, like a certain ill-look about his eyes, and therefore replied mildly—As to that, my dear OLLY, you may easily see it was all my uncle's doing—My uncle, you see—

Your uncle be damned, replied he. Have you written to the Lady yourself?

Written to the Lady, my dear OLLY? written to the Lady?—why, as to a letter to the Lady—

88 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Look ye, Sir ANDREW, as I know you don't run into danger, I shall not hurt you; but I must just inform you, casually, that for equivocating you are a most abominable coward; and as to the matter of daring but to *think* of Miss LUCIA—hush—hush—my dear, say no more upon that subject—I shall be satisfied with giving you to the fish, that's all—

At the close of this speech, he caught hold of my arm, and would absolutely have twirled me round into the pond, had not CARLISLE ran briskly to my rescue, and saved me from the barbarian's fury. He even told CARLISLE that he *insulted the fishes* by saving me, and then walked away growling like a lion.—Poor CARLISLE seemed to be sadly out of spirits, and when he had rescued me, bowed with his wonted elegance

elegance as if I had done *him* the favour, and walked dejectedly away.

Such, HEATHCOATE, has been my *fun*—however, bad luck now, better hereafter, says the proverb. To convince you that I have a bolder heart than you imagine, I will in despite of events go this moment to Mrs. H——; for my watch tells me 'tis exactly the time.

Adieu.

A. FLIGHT.

LETTER LXXVI.

MR. MEDWAY to the DUKE of DOWN-
DERDALE.

MY LORD,

IF you knew me perfectly, you would know I hate words—When one man thinks fit to do an injury to another, the *consequence* is so universally *known*, that, I take it, the only words really proper for the occasion are—*busb—busb—no noise*. LUCIA, whom you took upon you to *give away*, is beloved by *me*. Besides, your letter about *her*, is the sauciest thing I ever read in my life—the more so, in consideration that you are a *Duke*. If you are not
mean

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 91

mean enough to *plead privilege*, you will invite me to some place or another just to tell me that I am a scoundril. Hush—hush—you understand me.

O. MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVII.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

MY misery increases every moment—I am scarce able to hold the pen—CARLISLE still avoids me most assiduously—yet it is a generous sentiment of *his*, that has reduced me to the state in which I have for some time been involved. My father has been several times on the point of making particular enquiries; but so great a simpleton am I, that, whenever he takes hold of my hand and begins to press it to his bosom, I tremble from head to foot, and he is deterred from speaking. I am certain
my

my heart will break, if an alteration does not soon take place. *Medway* has again this minute been aiming his moon-struck mysteries at me. Coming out of my chamber, I saw him upon the stair-case. I don't wonder, child, at your indisposition, said he—but hush—hush—think of it no more—You may depend upon his death within a week—No noise—Words are wind—Wind is air—Air's a tell-tale—hush. You may depend upon his death, I say, within a week.

Death!—my dear *LASCELLES*—death!—whose death?—Ah, my God!—surely not Captain *CARLISLE*'s. Yet, why do I terrify myself? *MEDWAY* is his *admirer*—The poor fellow's a madman.

But,

94 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

But, indeed, my dear, every thing alarms me now—I must hit upon some expedient, or you will assuredly lose

Your

LUCIA DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATH-
COATE.

'S_{DEATH} and misfortune,
what is to be done now!--such a scene
has passed at our house within the last
twenty-four hours, that I am half
distracted. --- The Marchioness hath
escaped---My sister discovered me just
as I was about to *pull* the fruit, which
was (make-believe) ripening, for our
tool, Sir ANDREW, and I am in the
utmost confusion.---To crown the whole,
I have reason to think that cursed letter
of CARLISLE's got safe to hand, while
mine miscarried---for, within *this* hour,
I have noticed two strange muffled up
fellows

fellows walking backwards and forwards within sight of my dining-room windows---Perhaps the Marquis himself may be in town, and, according to his Italian custom, these may be his desperadoes, who will dog me to my destiny---I am all terror, *for* I am all guilt.---Have *you* a bed to spare if I could escape to your apartment!---I cannot arrange my thoughts sufficiently to tell the story of the whole ill-judged transaction. But, altogether, passion seems to have laid a trap for my destruction.

Your's

G. LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

SIR ANDREW FLIGHT TO MR. HEATH-
COATE.

WORSE and worse, HEATH-
COATE. Disappointment again and
again—Within the breadth of an hair
of my perdition! The charming Mrs.
HEWSON was at the bower two minutes
after me.

“Punctual as lovers to the moment
sworn,” said I—Well, charming pupil,
are you now convinced that——

I am convinced, said she, Sir AN-
DREW, that you ought to be contented
with the many innocent freedoms I

VOL. II. K allow,

allow, without pressing me to grant any thing criminal.

Fie, child, when shall I persuade thee to throw off entirely all those Helter-Skelter-Hall ideas! ---- Believe me, women of true taste and fashion are above such grovelling, homespun notions---Pleasure is the word with persons that are truly polite; and the pleasures I speak of, are the most indispensable. Take my word for it, you can only be a better sort of Plebeian, unless you admit of them---Commence then, I implore you, the true woman of the *ton* at once, and make your Sir ANDREW happy---Nay then, if you refuse me, I must take the fashionable liberty gently to *force* compliance.

To force compliance?---is it really your intention to dishonour me?---Stand off,

off, Sir; you insult me---I am certain it is no derogation to a woman of fashion to be true to her husband---and if it were, *that* is a part of the *ton* I shall never aspire to: to speak the plain fact, Sir ANDREW, this last action and conversation has given me a very poor opinion of——

I caught hold of her again---

She threw me from her, and gave a shriek---But what of that?---to make the matter ten times more terrible, her exclaiming aroused the ear of the pensive *Carlisle*, who was sitting not far off. Never saw I such manly menaces upon the brow of mortal. *His look* awed me more than the loudest threats of the terrific MEDWAY—Fie, Sir ANDREW, said he, (when the Lady was walking off in pretty confusion)—Is this well

concerted? Must you violate the laws of hospitality, at the very time that you seduce simplicity?—Fie upon it!—I am not one, Sir ANDREW, who pique myself upon breaking in upon the private revellings of the libertine; but the ground you *now* tread upon, is consecrated by belonging to *your friend*—If that, Sir, has no weight with you, I must add something to its *force*, by informing you, that it is the property of *my guardian*.

Saying this, he gave a gentle inclination of his head, and passed on.

Oh, HEATHCOATE, HEATHCOATE, how diminutively was I shrunk up; how despicably was I dwindled after his departure? I sat a little while under the agony of being the subject of my own ridicule. Annihilation just then

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 101

then would have been a blessing, and I sneaked into the house at last, as melancholy a mite as even crawled upon the earth. To finish the matter, CARLISLE treated me at supper, as if nothing had happened.

Adieu.

A. FLIGHT.

K 3

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

THE fellows that hovered over my house have disappeared, and I take up the pen again in more quiet to speak upon the subject of the runaway Marchioness. Ah, what a line of success was I in, if my cursed passion had not made it crooked!—But there was no possibility of resisting the temptation—I saw the lovely creature in so many different positions—This moment she dropt upon her knee to call blessings on her CARLISLE—the next she sprung up and execrated her fatal partiality. 'Twas in vain, under such circumstances, to attack her in
my

my *own* person — She looked — she loved—she existed only in CARLISLE. What was to be done? *Stratagem* assisted — I counterfeited the hand of CARLISLE—made, in his name, a solemn appointment to meet her *with Mr. Lafcelles' permission*—Enjoined a sacred league of reciprocal silence during the midnight visit—was punctual to the assignation—assumed the murmurs of CARLISLE's mellifluous voice, and was received with rapture—Felicity was before me—but I was interrupted even at this very moment, just as the heaven of beauty was in prospect; it was contrived by some demon, that detests me, to occasion a *stumble* as I was stepping along the apartment. By appointment, no lights were to be admitted—but this unfortunate stroke soon introduced *one*, and it was brought in the hand of my very sister. The Marchioness was fixed in

in astonishment—I knew not which way to stir---The rest is too painful to repeat---We left AUGUSTA in her chamber, but about an hour after we were departed, (my sister to weep, and I to curse myself) I heard somebody go softly down stairs, and presently tampering at the bars of the street-door---I followed the impulse of my suspicions, and hurried down also---You are not to be told it was the Marchioness---I besought her to return---Without condescending to reply, she proceeded in her efforts: upon my interfering a second time, she exclaimed, in a voice, that at once terrified and commanded me --“ Villain, set me at liberty!”---I was fool and idiot enough to *obey* her---She rushed into the street like lightning, and, being habited in her boy’s apparel, ran along unsuspected.

CAROLINE

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 105

CAROLINE does nothing but upbraid--
One thing is, the Marchioness has no
idea of CARLISLE's address---At all
events, I must weather it out---Perhaps
all may again be well---Whatever folly
you commit, let not the cursed lusts of
the flesh get the better of your policy.

Adieu, Adieu.

GEORGE LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXI.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

How is it that I do not hear any thing respecting the Marchioness?--- But you will send me by the bearer (GEOFFRY) an explicit account of her. He goes to my house in town to prepare things for my reception there, and returns as soon as he possibly can; the faithful old creature is never easy unless he adjusts every thing himself. It will be impossible for me to bear the sight of Prudence Place many days longer. The

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 3107

The inclosed, which I have just received,
will account for it. Heaven be with
you, prays

Your

C. CARLISLE.

LETTER

108 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

LETTER LXXXII.

[The inclosed.]

Mr. MEDWAY to Captain CARLISLE.

NOT a word of noise, my dear boy — softly — softly — The new Duke is an old fool—his nephew is an infant—I will put an end to the whole matter instantly. Say nothing—I am a brief man. I did indeed design to kill his Grace first—but let him linger on a little longer—hush—hush—I will do the thing directly --- Whisper--- whisper, my friend CLEMENT---the ceremony

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 109

ceremony is at hand. I love you even though you saved a puppy from being drowned---but hush, he shall die yet.

Adieu.

O. MEDWAY.

VOL. II.

L

LETTER

110 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

LETTER LXXXIII.

The Duke of DOWNDERDALE to Sir
ANDREW FLIGHT.

Dear Nephew,

IF this reaches you before you are set off, don't leave Prudence Place without chastising the insolence of the audacious OLIVER MEDWAY. He has absolutely had the impudence to challenge me to single combat--to challenge a Duke, Sir ANDREW, think of that--Think of it, nephew, with proper solidity, and let it fire your indignation--Wipe off, I charge you, this stain upon the

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 111

the ermine of your most illustrious family---Purify us at the risque of your life---We know your native courage---we know the sums you have expended in the art of defence. Now *this* is the time---Fight without delay---if you are wounded, all the physicians of the globe shall be at your service---if you slay him, which I a thousand times the rather hope, hasten to the continent, and I will join you there---if you fall, never were funeral honours so great as your's shall be, and you will also be entitled to a place by the side of crowned heads in Westminster-abbey. I send a special courier with this, that he may bring me the issue of the combat---If you do not choose to engage, lose no time to say so, that, old as I am, I may chastise the insolent *myself*. But why do I say, not *choose* to fight? You will be even

112 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH

too heroic: the blood in your veins is too rich to suffer an insulter of your family to live. Mars protect you, my boy.

DOWNDERDALE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

The Marchionefs of N. to Signora.
* * * * at Rome.

OH VIOLA, VIOLA, let not the fondness of the heart ever tempt you to expect any thing from the generosity of man---of man, not only born for our destruction, but glorying in the deed---Ah, my friend, what perfidy!---what cruelty!---

But wherefore do I waste time in these womanish complaints? ---- The moments are too precious---they are marked for *revenge*---revenge, VIOLA, which shall sweep from the earth the most barbarous of men.

L 3

Yes,

114 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Yes, VIOLA, he shall die---die by the arm of the wronged Marchioness--- With you to know the name of my victim? know it then in that of the detestable *Carlisle*.

Oh, the indelicate—the ingrateful—I have not composure enough to write--- He absolutely attempted the basest—

You can have no idea of it but from his own words.

To

The Marchioness of N. * * * *

‘ I come, my beautiful Marchioness—
‘ I come!—The hour of my joy shall
‘ be midnight; in the very part of the
‘ week you have mentioned— But
‘ silence,

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 113

“ silence, *reciprocal* silence must pre-
“ vail — No lights — Nothing but a
“ tender exchange of the warmest vows
“ that ever were breathed from the lips
“ of lovers. Adieu.

“ I have a little disguised my hand
“ for fear of accidents—but no more—
“ Adieu—ten thousand times adieu—

“ CARLISLE.”

This fallacious piece of wickedness,
under the appearance of tenderness,
was delivered, as usual, by the execrable
LASCELLES--to what end, do you think?--
Ah, my dear Signora, it is too shocking
for your fancy ever to conjecture it!
With a blush I tell you, that, on *my*
part,

116 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

part,---for, oh Signora, I loved to death—the moment of assignation was expected with unutterable impatience. It was observed.

The apartment was dark—universal tremor shook every nerve as I heard the step approach me—But the foot in advancing encountered a chair—Sure it was placed there by Providence to produce the alarm which discovered to me——

——I am overwhelmed in tears— which discovered the villany of *Lascelles* and *Carlisle*. Yes, Viola, CARLISLE, the great, the elegant, the virtuous-seeming CARLISLE—CARLISLE, degenerated to a mere pander—an ordinary wretch, who had agreed to sacrifice the woman that adored him,—sacrifice her to the man with whom he placed her
for

for protection! — But this is not half his baseness; — this was not an enormity of sufficient magnitude for the illustrious CARLISLE. When LASCELLES left the room (while I was hurrying on my boy's apparel, resolved to escape) — I felt under my feet some papers, which my good genius directed me to take up. I got safe from the detested house, and wandered, a solitary wretch, in the streets, I knew not whither. It could not yet be past two o'clock in the morning, and the watchmen, who are always abroad till after that hour, were still upon their guard. As there are lamps disposed through all the parts of this city, I stood under one of them to examine my papers, which I judge must have fallen from LASCELLES' pocket — They contained — they contained — O pity me, VIOLA — *read — read* their infamous contents, and confess, that your
 poor

118 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

poor Marchioness has but too much justice in the vengeance which she is resolved to take.

[The inclosed PAPERS.]

PAPER I.

Superscribed The Copy of a Letter from
Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

‘ Dear LASCELLES,

‘ You are too generous—Why should
‘ you wish to offer marriage to such a
‘ wanton? No, my friend, even if
‘ she were a widow, I would dissuade
‘ you from it: rather follow my first
‘ advice, and, as I do assure you she is
‘ *perfectly detestable* to me, make the
‘ easiest terms you can with her. But,
‘ you

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 119

‘ you still insist on treating her with
‘ terms of honour. What! will you
‘ shew fidelity to her after she has re-
‘ ceived you under the notion of your
‘ being CLEMENT CARLISLE? I must
‘ again say, that you are too generous
‘ to such a wanton. But act as you
‘ please. She is, *of all women in the*
‘ *world*, as much my aversion, as she
‘ can possibly be your admiration.

‘ CLEMENT CARLISLE.’

PAPER II.

Superscribed Copy of a Letter from
Mr. LASCELLES to Sir A. F. at Paris.

‘ Dear Baron,

‘ Purchase for me, I beseech you,
‘ the most brilliant suit of jewels in
‘ your

120 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

' your whole city, and send them down
' to me immediately, that I may lay
' them at the feet of one whose eyes
' are ten times brighter than any thing
' either Paris or Golconda itself can
' afford.

' G. LASCELLES.'

Superscribed Copy of a Letter from
Captain CARLISLE.

' THE day of my marriage with
' LUCIA D. G. is fixed for the 27th
' instant. If, without suspicion of that
' fury, whom you so foolishly love, you
' can disengage yourself, I should wish
' you to be at the ceremony, were it
' only to assure you that, so far from
' *liking*

‘liking the Marchioness, I doat upon
‘my beautiful intended.’

‘Adieu.

‘C. CARLISLE.’

Such were the complottings, levell’d
by two barbarous men, my VIOLA,
against your poor — your unhappy
Marchioness. I thought madness would
have seized me at the moment of
reading such a black design—a design,
my VIOLA, which LASCELLES was cruel
enough to *endeavour* to carry into exe-
cution—But why do I tell you of the
misery I have sustained?—Why do I
dwell upon the hardships of passing,
formerly, through the streets of Lon-
don, while every happier heart was at
rest?—What are these, VIOLA, to the

Vol. II.

M

agony

agony of a soul burning with revenge?—
Marriage too—The villain is upon the
 verge of matrimony, is he? *This* then
 is the cause of all my misery—of all
 my disappointments. His truth, his
 love, his tenderness is all reserved for
 another woman it seems — the happy
 LUCIA D. G. — Perdition upon her
 charms! Discord upon their union!
 Oh, that I could find out her abode!
 Married — what *married*! — whom?
 CARLISLE, *my* CARLISLE—oh distrac-
 tion—distractio*n*!

No, never, VIOLA—excuse my despair.
 I have an oath to send to the great and
 good God, who now beholds me upon
 my knees.

It is registered, VIOLA—it is written
 in the adamantine volume—I am to
 answer it.

Farewel.

In

In Continuation.

I HAVE fixed upon a small apartment belonging to people (to whom money reconciles all mysterious appearances) within sight of CARLISLE'S house in London—Six hours vigilance has produced yet no other success than the sight of servants, who come in and go out of the house, as if they were at present the masters of it. He is certainly out of town,—perhaps making splendid preparations for his marriage—oh, my brain—my brain—I would die with transport to prevent it—It *must* be prevented—My oath—my oath—my oath!

Farewell.

In Continuation.

I HAVE had a second string to my vow of vengeance. I shift my place, alternately, from watching the house of CARLISLE, to that from which I have a prospect upon LASSELL'S. By this means I am mistress of both: nothing can happen but under my eye.

My soul is upon guard.

I will now send off my letter. Farewell again—to the

Marchioness of N * * * *

LETTER

LETTER LXXXV.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

O H! my dear HEATHCOATE,
I have spent half this day, in vain, to
pacify my outrageous sister, but to no
purpose. Her cursed virtue plagues
me to death. I have dispatched a line
to CARLISLE, which, I hope, will keep
all quiet, till, by some means, I can
recover the Marchioness—But, at pre-
sent, I have not had courage to step
over my own threshold since the cursed
accident happened. One thing consoles

me not a little : I perceive two papers, which I *purposely wrote, forged, and dropt* in AUGUSTA's apartment, are—beyond my expectation, as she went away in the night—pickt up. As she knows not CARLISLE's address in the country, and is, I believe, without much money—she may be tempted to return. On the other hand, if these scheming papers have fallen into my sister CAROLINE's possession, it is worse still.—However, at all events, I take care no letters shall *go out* or *come into* my house without my knowledge. Yet, I suspect, that CAROLINE receives letters left for her at some other place—I know not what to think. The cursed uncertainty too of the Marquis's journey, either to *my* place of direction, or to CARLISLE's, much encreases my anxiety. Ah! HEATHCOATE, HEATHCOATE, what

what a hell it is to be liable to so many terrible apprehensions! O guilt, guilt, guilt!

LETTER LXXXVI

Adieu.

From the same to Captain CARLISLE.

G. LASCELLES.

[Previous to Lascelles's receipt of this letter, Captain's fall.]

I did not, my dear Captain, write to you again upon the subject of the Matchless; and, I judged, you would take it for granted, that if any thing were unlucky had happened, I should immediately have informed you: and to which, I was very anxious to add, absolutely necessary to multiply those attentions, which are employing your generous heart at Paris. I am astonished at this.

LETTER

Missus's delay. Your letter must have

indicated

LETTER LXXXVI.

From the Same to Captain CARLISLE.

[Previous to LASCELLES's receipt of the
Captain's last].

I DID not, my dear Captain, write to you again upon the subject of the Marchioness; since, I judged, you would take it for granted, that, if any thing *more* unlucky had happen'd, I should immediately have informed you: add to which, I was very unwilling—unless absolutely necessary—to multiply those attentions, which are employing your generous heart at Prudence-Place. I am astonished at the Marquis's delay. Your letter must have miscarried.

miscarried. Is it not advisable to write another? London is as barren and burning as Arabia Deserta this horrid hot weather: I would not have you obliged to pass your summer here for any consideration. Not a single soul of your acquaintance will be seen here these three months. For my part, I am tied by the foot. Business, you know (agency, my dear friend) must be minded. By-the-by, I must, once more, draw upon your kindness (that bank which is, I think, never to be overdrawn!) a friend of mine wants 200l. for two months, can you spare it? If you can, forward it when the post returns, to your ever obliged

GEORGE LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

From the Same to Sir ANDREW
FLIGHT.

EVERY thing smiles—in a little time, your amour will laugh like yourself—But you sent the money *short*. Female elegance is expensive. I have something in my eye that would thaw the chastity of Diana—yet, it may slip through my fingers: it is, like the Marchioness herself, too beautiful to hang in hand. Send an hundred pounds more, therefore, immediately, that the purchase may be compleated. I never
saw

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 131

saw LUCIA DE GREY, but, I am convinced, she must be an Ethiopian to AUGUSTA N.

Your's,

G. LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Mr. HEATHCOATE to Mr. LASCELLES.

Dear fellow-labourer in the same vineyard,

I RECEIVE the account of *thy* misery, with sympathy—May that genius which hath hitherto inspired us, still keep thee from being crush'd!—All thy secrets are, and will ever be, safe in the bosom of your

D. HEATHCOATE.

P. S.

We will continue, as usual, to *divide* the Baronet betwixt us. He hath, as I hope,

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 133

I hope, you already *know*, received a fresh supply. His uncle hath great additions of fortune annexed to his *dukedom*—We may expect, therefore, to be as rich as *Lords*, at least. Keep up thy spirits.

Adieu.

D. HEATHCOATE.

VOL. II.

N

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIX.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. DE GREY.

Dear SIR,

THERE are so many meddling fellows about, that I perceive 'tis impossible to stay till the house is clear, and it *must* be a public piece of work at *last*. Yes, my dear friend, though I hate noise, it must be done—Please to let it be Wednesday, Thursday, or Saturday next, as is most proper and suitable. I had, however, rather have it done, private, in the house, by the way

way of hush, if possible. Noise is shocking—We don't want a pack of starers to instruct us what to do. Hush--hush. Five words are as effectual as fifty. I could have explained much conciser, had I not chosen to make the appointment that is to determine the thing in *writing*. But there is too much company to speak upon certain subjects that shall be nameless—hush—hush. The sun gets up by four o'clock at this time of the year. Shall we rise therefore to-morrow or the next day morning, and so contrive to have the business all done and over before the unconcerned part of the family are stirring? No noise—no noise—set your foot lightly—set your foot lightly—who's the wiser, who's the wiser?—hush—hush—hush. You understand me. I will give you this with my own hand: do you do

136 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

the same --- hem --- hem --- No noise---
hush!---

OLIVER MEDWAY.

P. S.

Say in your answer, Ceremony, four
o'clock, such a day---Enough---hush.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

PITY me, my dear LASCELLES, pity me! Never—no, never was man so beset by temptations! MEDWAY drew me, a little while since, in his sly way, to the very farthermost end of the room, and in the softest whisper told me, that—O misery, Mr. LASCELLES!—he should have the ring upon LUCIA's finger in less than three days. "Hush—hush—said he, 'tis the greatest in the world—the poor girl is quite sick upon my delay—She chides me with her looks, every time I see her. I cannot even have leisure enough to put to death the uncle and nephew—

N 3

They

138 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

They must live till the beginning of the week—Pray pardon me for that, my dear friend. *One* would have *sunk* if you could but have let him alone—Poor LUCIA, longer delay would certainly kill her!—Three days has she, already, kept her chamber—Mum—Mum—No noise—I have the thing that will settle the business in my pocket.”

This conversation was, like all his discourse, in set, solemn sentences—Mr. DE GREY, with an air of sadness upon his venerable brow, came into the room, and we parted.

Oh LASCELLES, help me to language—help me to sentiments which describe sensations of horror, that I may transmit to you some idea of the feeling that took hold of my heart, when I beheld

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 139

I beheld MEDWAY put, as if by stealth, into the hand of Mr. DE GREY, a paper that seemed to be stamp'd with several seals!—Though it was too much like a *letter*, and too *small* to be a settlement, yet my fancy suggested it was some deed sufficient to my destruction—

Had not water been at hand, I should certainly have dropt.

To swell the circumstance, both the HEWSONS and Sir ANDREW FLIGHT were in the room.

This was not all. Mr. DE GREY seemed to receive the packet with pleasure, and retired rather abrupter than he was wont to do, when he leaves a company.

MEDWAY

140 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

MEDWAY hummed a love sonnet, and capered about the room; passing by me every now and then with a wink.

The trial was too hard to be supported. I withdrew. What was to be done? It was plain that Sir ANDREW'S affair was out of the question; *Medway—Medway only*, was the man. For *Medway*—the cruel—(ah! why do I call her cruel?)—the *charming* LUCIA DE GREY was now languishing in her chamber: for *him*, she had been long indisposed—*his* image it was that filled her thoughts—*his* person it was that charmed her eyes—*he* only was—to—to—

I lost my senses, LASCELLES—and I now lose them again at the recollection of what followed these reflections.

LUCIA

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 141

LUCIA DE GREY herself appeared. She came tottering from her apartment, with a countenance, which, although ever lovely, denoted infinite emotion.

Oh Mr. CARLISLE, said she, lifting up both her hands, what is doing above in the library?

Doing, my dear Miss DE GREY, replied I, (as we walked into the garden, whither she was going to air) you frighten me—why—*what is doing?*

Ceremony (said she, in the most faltering voice) for what could my father so loudly repeat the word *ceremony*, Mr. CARLISLE?

When was that, my dear Miss DE GREY? YOUR DEAR Miss DE GREY, CLEMENT—ah! that—I beg pardon,
Madam--

Madam—Habits are unconquerable—I beg pardon—I say, *Miss De Grey*—

My God, Mr. CARLISLE!--I had no such idea---no such---How can you *use* me so, Mr. CARLISLE?

Madam ? -

Perverseness !---I say, Mr. CARLISLE, I am not conscious of any conduct, that--that---should warrant---such treatment---such treatment, Mr. CARLISLE, as I---I---have received from---from---

Treatment, Miss DE GREY--treatment--my---my---treatment have you received? what ! *ill* treatment?---O hasten to tell me *when, how, where, by whom*---then see, my---my *dear---dear*---then, *Madam*, I say, see if I will brook it!--Has Sir ANDREW, has Mr. *Medway*?--
but

but I ask pardon, Madam, my zeal has hurried me into language which, as things are circumstanced, must naturally offend you.

It does, indeed, Sir---It seems studied to do *more* than offend me---to break my heart.

Your heart, Miss DE GREY!---I have done---I shall---I, I---have done---I wish you---I wish you, very happy---Indeed I do---Upon---upon my soul, Madam, I do!---

Happy, Mr. CARLISLE!---oh barbarous!---Give me leave to go in---I wish I were dead!---I have business upstairs, Sir---Happy, happy---you wish me happy; and yet you talk in these ungenerous terms of one who---who has

has been such an *old friend*---oh, Mr. CARLISLE, how can you use me so?

Upon these words she went again into the house in anger and agony inexpressible. But who could ever have suggested that her passion for that strange man, should have made her so sensible of the slightest impression against his character? His very *name*, pronounced in a loud voice, sets her on flame---An old friend---ungenerous to an *old friend*---To be sure I have known Mr. MEDWAY some time---I have---But why do I argue upon the subject?---Every moment makes my disappointment more manifest--Why then am I perplexing my heart with constant attempts to explain *what*, if I was not wilfully blinded, is as clear as the light of Heaven? The only wise part---the only *possible* part for me now to act, is, directly to *withdraw*:

withdraw. Perhaps the morrow may *complete* my misery. Mr. DE GREY is now, even now, adjusting the *ceremony*—The very ring is before me. Were I to stay longer, I should not be able to answer either for my truth or my honour. Oh LUCIA—LUCIA—LUCIA!—I can no more.——

P. S.

The zool. you shall have from my own hand.——Dear friend, farewell.

C. CARLISLE.

Vol. II.

O

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

9 Mr. DE GREY to Mr. MEDWAY.

CONSCIOUS, dear Mr. MEDWAY, of no sort of offence; but, on the contrary, feeling for you the same warmth of friendship as usual, I am not a little surprised at the turn and colouring of the sentiment in your last letter. I have now puzzled over it a great while, without being in any measure rewarded for my pains. To speak the whole truth, I do not comprehend one sentence of your whole favour. You seem to be agitated, and desirous of performing certain ceremonies with peculiar privacy, at a very early hour of the morning: and yet I cannot conceive

ceive of what nature those ceremonies should be; nor, if they are of an hostile complexion, can I suggest to myself, whence they should happen. I beg you will be so friendly as to *explain* this matter. If you can point out to me any circumstance that, to your eye, looks like an impropriety, no man will be more willing to be instructed how it may be *amended*. If it should prove, that you are yourself mistaken, no man will more chearfully impute it to that origin from whence many similar errors have proceeded, namely, from *excessive sensibility*.

I am, my dear MIDWAY,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT DE GREY.

LETTER XCII.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. DE GREY.

SIR,

Ho! ho!—is that the case?—
 You don't choose to understand me—
 You desire *explanations*—Certainly right—
 Nobody can blame you. Hush—hush.
 I am no flincher. Name every thing—
 place, weapons, ground, time, &c.—
 I love you, and therefore will give you
 every advantage over me in the world.
 But your daughter *must not marry any*
body else, while there is upon the face
 of

of the earth such a man as the
forgotten

OLLY MEDWAY.

P. S.

No noise.

I would not have done
to the foot, you know, for, Gordon, if
you will, without any delay—(mark the
word, say—come down to Providence
Place, or, to a place of appointment
where, and kill OLLY MEDWAY in
single combat; and for this, I promise
payment. I shall only say his death is
necessary, not only to my family, but
to my future well-being with my uncle,
consequently your assistance is needed
as well as that of

O 3

LETTER

LETTER XCH.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. LASCELLES.

I WILL add five hundred pieces to the 100l. you fend for, GEORGE, if you will, without *any* delay—(mark the word *any*)—come down to Prudence Place, or, to a place of appointment *nearer*, and kill OLLY MEDWAY in single combat: reasons for this. Prompt payment. I shall only say his death is necessary, not only to *my honour*, but to my future well-being with my uncle, consequently *your* subsistence is touched as well as that of

ANDREW FLIGHT.

N. B.

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH 151

N. B.

The credit of his fall must be mine.
Be at the sign of the Duke's Head in
the neighbouring village, Wednesday
evening. Knowing your exactness, I
shall behave like an hero accordingly.

Honoured Uncle,

I look upon this as a great
your messenger any longer--The great
nicety of holding a staff of this na-
ture is, to do it quietly. I am waiting
my opportunity; and although, for
your Grace's sake, and the sake of my
family, my blood boils to be at him,
yet, as I am a villain here, it will be
decent to go prudently to work. I am
glad you did me the justice to believe
I would do the impostor. If I see
your Grace again on this last evening, it
will

LETTER

LETTER XCIV.

Sir ANDREW FLIGHT to the Duke of
DOWNDERDALE.

Honoured Uncle,

IT looks suspicious to detain your messenger any longer—The great nicety of finishing a trifle of this nature is, to do it quietly. I am waiting my opportunity; and although, for your Grace's sake, and the sake of my family, my blood boils to be at him, yet, as I am a visitor here, it will be decent to go prudently to work. I am glad you did me the justice to believe I would chastise the insolent. If I see your Grace again on this side Heaven, it will

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 153

will be with honour; if not, I shall meet you in elysium. Your Lordship—I should say—your Grace, will pardon my being a little jocular upon these sort of circumstances—They are the bagatelles of such spirits as descend from such a bosom as your Grace's to that of your happy

A. FLIGHT.

LETTER

154 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

LETTER XCV.

SIR ANDREW FLIGHT to MR. MEDWAY.

MEDWAY,

AFTER a good deal of reflection, I am not able (though I am one of the best tempered men in the world) to brook your dastardly behaviour—You called me *coward*—*puppy*—*jackanapes*, &c. besides reflecting on my uncle, HIS GRACE of DOWNDERDALE—Now, I must inform you, there is a large spot of waste, unfrequented, heath-ground at the back of the Duke's Head in the village. Twelve o'clock on Wednesday night, (I mean Wednesday next) let me have the pleasure to see

see you to answer these several charges. Meantime, to shew our real bravery, let's be exceeding good friends, and disguise the deadly designs that are glowing in our heroic bosoms. I send this by **MR. GABRIEL HEWSON**, who being a quiet worthy lad, shall be my friend in the field.

The angry

ANDREW FLIGHT.

LETTER

LETTER XCVI.

Mr. MEDWAY's Answer.

HUSH—hush. I begin to think better of you. No noise, little Sir ANDREW. I rather expect the chance of a pop or a pink to *night*; but, if my wound in that quarter should not be mortal, you may depend upon shaking hands on Wednesday with

Your

OL. MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER XCVII.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. DE GREY.

I FEEL myself of late, my very dear friend, not quite so well in my health. I impute it to the recent alteration of climate. A little excursion may possibly assist me, and therefore I propose to set out to-morrow morning to my town house, and so back again.

But, as it is possible, my dear Sir, some *changes* may happen in your family before my return, I will, with *your* leave, joined to that of Mr. MEDWAY, (who I understand is now closeted with you) make bold to pay my parting

VOL. II.

P

devoir—

158 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

devoir—in your presence—to Miss DE GREY. Perhaps, Sir, it is decreed, that I am never more to salute her under that appellation. Nothing however can happen that can violate the heart-felt esteem, with which

I am,

My dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant,

CLEMENT CARLISLE,

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

MR. LASCELLES TO MR. HEATHCOATE.

Joy, joy, HEATHCOATE—I—I
I have recovered my lost treasure—re-
covered her, though by compulsion—I
caught her upon the look-out for Cap-
tain CARLISLE; and as good luck would
have it, scarce ten minutes before old
limping GEOPERY, the Captain's fa-
vourite footman, *arrived* with a letter
from his master.—I am ready to leap
out of my skin; though, as to the Lady
herself, never did I see such a dreadful
alteration: her visage pale, her eyes
dim, her air languid—She scarce seems
to have taken refreshment since her

escape—Though my sister kneels down and presses her, with tears, to eat, she most obstinately refuses. What a violent woman! I gave it out to two fellows, whom I had upon the scout, that she was a relation of mine, hurt in her senses, who had broke from us. Her behaviour to them, on being seized, justified this; for, in getting her up stairs to her old apartment, she took a little pocket-knife from her side, and aimed it with full force at one of the men's throats. I own I am sorry to see her in this situation, though I had rather have her *any way*, than have her to *look for*. CARLISLE would certainly have taken vengeance. *Now* all may be well again. I am glad to see my sister behave so prudently to AUGUSTA. In a day or two I shall send you better news about her. If I ever again run the
risque

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 161

risque of gratifying my *passion* at the price of my *policy*, then execrate

Your old unfortunate

G. LASCELLES.

P. S.

I am going down on Wednesday to fight for *five hundred pounds*: OLLY MEDWAY is to be the *mark*. The money, you may be sure, is to be for ANDREW'S FRIENDS. The *Fame* he may put into his pocket if he pleases. 'Tis to be within half a mile of Prudence Place—yet shall I not be seen. I shall fire my pistol, and come away again directly. As to my *exit*, that is out of the question. I am shot-free.

P 3

LETTER

LETTER XCIX.

Captain CARLISLE to Mr. LASCELLES.

THE strangest as well as the most sudden alteration has happened in the affairs at Prudence Place that you can possibly imagine. Oh, my LASCELLES, I am lighter than the air—the dead weight is taken from my bosom—I have neither a thorn in my heart, nor a wrinkle on my brow. Though the path that led to this paradise was not without brambles that *obstructed*, it presented, at *last*, the smoothest, the most lawny, as well as the most rosy prospect in the world.

You

You shall hear.

Unable, any longer, to bear the increasing perplexities of my situation, I wrote a letter of excuse to Mr. De GREY for a week's absence, and went to pay my farewell respects to LUCIA.

Suggesting what might be the state of my feelings at the close of such an interview, I took care to have my carriage waiting for me at the door the moment I left her apartment—nor did I even *allow* myself this pleasure of entering her apartment at all, till I had pre-invited *Mr. De Grey* to be present, and even till I had *apprized Mr. Medway* of the sole purpose of my visit.

I meant only to make—my *heart* *ach*—and withdraw.—Oh human nature!—

Mr.

Mr. DE GREY opened the door to me; he had scarce entered himself—Behind him stood—MEDWAY, making his salutations to LUCIA, who, upon seeing me advance, put on, as of late had been usual, a sort of *anxiousness*, which I have been but too apt to construe in my *disfavour*.

LUCIA DE GREY looked, as if she thought it a *strange meeting*.

“Pray sit down, gentlemen,” said she, in a fluttering manner—“Pray sit down.”

Her father took her by the hand. I was preparing to speak on the subject of my departure—but could, for the soul of me, get no farther than—“I am come, Madam—I am come, Miss DE GREY—I am—I am come”—

“Very

"Very true, Captain," replied Mr. DE GREY, taking me up briskly, "you are come extremely apropos—you are come just in time to be a witness to—"

Oh! LASCELLES, my perverting fancy caught at the only wrong construction of the sentiment, and I interrupted him by exclaiming,

"Excuse me, my dear Mr. DE GREY—pray excuse me—I would dedicate not only my leisure, but my life to the wishes of your family—but to be a *witness*—to be a *witness*, my good Sir, upon so interesting an occasion—is—is—is—indeed, I could not be of any service."

"Service, Mr. CARLISLE," said MEDWAY—"there is no service in the case—the only service you can be of in promoting

promoting the design of our visit to this young Lady, is to be a witness that I have had all the reason in the world to suppose I was beloved by her."

"Was it ever questioned, Mr. MEDWAY," said I?

"Questioned,"—retorted Miss DE GREY—"questioned, Mr. CARLISLE—beloved by me—Mr. MEDWAY beloved by me!"

"Yes, Madam, I,"—said MEDWAY?

"Now then we come to the point," replied Mr. DE GREY—

"Perhaps these explanations," said I, "may be improper before me—I certainly intrude—Family affairs are sacred—

sacred—I beg permission to withdraw—
Had I known you were upon business
of so much delicacy”—

“Stay, Mr. CARLISLE,” answered
LUCIA, with more firmness than is
usual to such extreme delicacy as her’s—
“it is a justice you *owe me* to stay,
Sir—With regard to *you*, Mr. MED-
WAY, I beg to know upon what mis-
construction you found the astonishing
fact you charge me with?”

“*Astonishing* fact, Madam,” rejoined
MEDWAY—“Is it not clear? have I not
fed my fond heart with this idea many
months?—did you not always meet me
with a smile?—have I not a thousand
times said, that you was made to be
the best wife in the world?—have I
not been ready to murder any man
that should dare to look steadfastly at
you?”

you? Has not your father heard me declare, that I would lose my blood in your service?"

Here LUCIA lifted up her hands again.

"I grant all this, my dear MEDWAY," said Mr. DE GREY, "but surely, this is no foundation for a passion. LUCIA smiles whenever she meets any of her friends. It is a complacency that belongs to her character—it belongs even to her face: her features are made for giving welcome to her father's friends—Such Mr. MEDWAY most certainly is."

"Lookee, Mr. DE GREY," replied MEDWAY—"hush—hush—no noise about this business—I am no talker. I have been intending to make your daughter

daughter my wife a long while. I thought both you and she knew plain enough my meaning, especially as I was exceeding cautious lest it should be known to any body else—which I despise. I took the affair for granted. It seems I am deceived. Nobody understood my meaning but myself—The business is easily brought to an issue. Here's the upshot. Do you now, Mr. DE GREY, approve of my beginning more explicit overtures?"

"That question," said Mr. DE GREY, "is first to be submitted to my daughter. You are a worthy man, and I here declare I have no objection to any gentleman, upon whom I have any solid reasons to believe *she* places her affections."

"Give me your hand," cried MEDWAY; "you speak fairly—I love honour better than life—life—it is my heaven—Well, Miss LUCIA, now is the time. Every thing rests with you?"

Guess, if you can, LASCELLES, what I underwent at this moment! My heart was at my lips.

"Since it is incumbent on me to speak," said the beautiful trembler, "I must confess, that, though there is no man I more esteem than Mr. MEDWAY, as a *friend*; yet, yet, in the light of—of—a *lover*, I—I—cannot say that—that—Pray be not displeased with me, if I say that—"

"Enough said, enough said—hush—hush—I'm only angry," said MEDWAY,

"that

“that you did not tell me so before; but—no noise—I see it was partly my own fault. Give me a buss—you are a good girl—a bad one at a *hint*, tho’—hush—hush—you are a bad one at a hint. Give me your hand, Mr. DE GREY. I thought I was acting the right part—But I am too old, and too odd a fellow to die of disappointment, so all I have farther to say on the subject is this; don’t speak of my affair below—Let us separate—Let us go down a little *after* one another—Who’s the wiser? who’s the wiser?”

“Another moment, if you please,” said Mr. DE GREY, (rising and advancing to LUCIA, whom in the course of the conversation he had left)---“Since matters have gone thus far, and we are all friends together; tell me, LUCIA,

if you think there is any *other* person who may be going on in the same *mistake*. If so, we may rectify it in time. Do you imagine any other, in *this family*, for instance, lays claim to your tenderness, my dear?"

My God, LASCELLES, what a question!

"No, indeed, Sir," answered LUCIA, with a sigh.

"Oh! yes," rejoined MEDWAY, "that bit of a Baronet, Sir ANDREW FLIGHT."

"Sir ANDREW FLIGHT!" cried she hastily—"the matter was not *improbable* with so *worthy* a man as Mr. MEDWAY, but surely Sir ANDREW FLIGHT could never—"

"Madam,"

"Madam," returned MEDWAY, "I was about to have jerked him into a fish pond upon that account. If you have ever any thing to say to such a fellow as that, I'll never forgive you."

"Perhaps it may be in *your* power, Mr. CARLISLE," said Mr. DE GREY, (coming round to me) "to help us to another upon the lover's list."

Think of my confusion, LASCELLES! after great hesitation I spoke as follows, while LUCIA went first to one window then to the other, as if taking different views of the garden.

"I must own, Sir, it does not seem difficult for me to mention another of Miss DE GREY's admirers. The difficulty would be in finding a person of
Q 3
her

her acquaintance who did *not* come under that character."

"Come, come, CARLISLE, no noise—no noise," said MEDWAY, "you have *yourself* been her admirer any time these—"

Here LUCIA turned round, with a face blooming with a thousand blushes.

"Mr. CARLISLE *my* admirer, Mr. MEDWAY?"

"Yes, Miss DE GREY, Mr. CARLISLE has, to my knowledge, been your admirer before he went to Italy. You may thank me—for now I see the whole train of my mistake—that he has pined and grieved, and—"

"For

"For heaven's sake, Mr. MEDWAY!" said LUCIA.

"CLEMENT," said Mr. DE GREY, "MEDWAY is too hard upon you: he has had a slight scratch of the passion himself, and he wants to make us believe you have had a wound too. But come, Mr. MEDWAY, I have something to shew you in the library—such a fishing-pole as, perhaps, you never saw."

They both went out of the room hand-in-hand — LUCIA attempted to follow.

"And *must* you go then, Miss DE GREY?" said I.

"Go," replied she, turning—"lord, why not, Mr. CARLISLE?—I am going to see the fishing-pole."

"What

“What a blessing I should have deemed it, Miss DE GREY, if this discovery had been made before I went to Italy!”

“What did you say, Mr. CARLISLE?—Italy—Good God!—Has your Italian attractions then—”

“O LUCIA!—LUCIA! I can hold no longer—Too long—too long already hath a sense of honour, and a religious regard to what I, all the time, thought *your happiness*, kept me silent—for this I bleed—for this I was in despair—for this too it was that I was again preparing to depart—But—truth requires no longer sacrifice. My feelings may now again shew themselves—Again may I adore those charming eyes—again—You are not angry with me, LUCIA?”

“Angry

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 197

"Angry with you—CLEMENT?"

"Dear, generous LUCIA DE GREY—
This hand must bear the impression of
my gratitude."

"Pshaw—nonsense—how *can* you,
CARLISLE? but you were departing—
whither would you go, CARLISLE?"

"I had forgot that my chaise is at
the door, LUCIA?"

"And must you go then, CLEMENT?"

"Go, my adorable LUCIA! yes I
must go this moment—I must go as
fast as my feet can carry me, to—order
my horses to be put into Mr. DE GREY's
stable."

"How

"How soon you men alter your minds, *Clement*."

"Ah, *Lucia*! *Lucia*! I am now possessing one of the happiest moments of my life."

"I am myself not *miserable*, *CARLISLE*—and—and—and so take my hand, and—"

"Do with it what I please!—"

For the first time since my return, I not only kissed *that*, *LASCELLES*, but ravished a rapture upon her rosy lip. Here is an end of my conversation-letter.

I shall *not* come to town—my horses are turned to grass—Love is likely to allow them a long feast of pasturage—I cannot tell you how light I feel at the heart—

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 179

heart—But let me not in my ecstacy forget my friend! The cash, which I designed to bring *myself*, I now remit a draft for. I beg you will ever continue to command, on all sorts of occasion, the services of

Your's,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER C.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

A MISERY, and a misfortune more extreme than before, hath fallen upon me—The Marquis is come—The Marchioness is every thing but absolutely distracted—My sister is overwhelmed in tears! I am plunging in the abyss of despair. My whole family is in ruins.

A violent thundering at my door last night, and almost towards the zenith of it, announced the impatience of somebody who had authority to disturb us.

Ah!

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 181

Ah! HEATHCOATE, conscious guilt at that moment emasculated my usual hardihood; I felt my heart convulsing in my bosom, and the shameful drops of *fear* were upon my brow. Flying then from my bed, wrapt up only in a *robe de chambre*, I charged my servants to deny me—gave my sister the like injunction, and then stole, with inglorious terror, into a kind of lumber-room at the top of the house, that I might escape even the *voise* of my accuser. - To this precaution, probably, am I indebted for my life—Who, HEATHCOATE, can *expect* to conquer the man whom he has *wronged*? For money, I am mercenary enough to fight, but with the weight of *crimes* upon the heart, one's intrepidity hath no room to play.

VOL. II.

R

The

182 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

The knocking being for some time repeated, and every repetition with more vehemence, admittance was at length given.

Oh these high-spirited foreigners! No sooner was he entered, than he demanded, in a tone of implicit command, his violated wife. He did not, it seems, wait any reply. He did not wait even long enough for obedience. In disregard of every thing that looked like ceremony, he flew up stairs—rushed from one room to another; and found at last the object of his search. I heard the shriek of the Marchioness's amazement, even to the remotest corner of my hiding hole. Barbarous man! abandoned woman! re-echoed thro' the cave. I was witness to the clamorous denunciation

ciation of death upon CARLISLE and myself. I was witness that the Marquis was in possession of CARLISLE's address—the name of DE GREY, and even of LUCIA, were articulated with curses of vengeance—With execrations, still stronger, was all future connexion with the Marchioness renounced; and he rushed down the stair-case at last, swearing never more to close his eyes till his revenge, as far as it could be had in *this* world (that was his expression) was compleat.

Since his departure, I have crept from my sanctuary, and tried, but not without tremor, to gain admittance to the apartment of AUGUSTA. She has drawn a triple bolt across the door--- She will not speak---My sister is on the

184 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

bed of sickness. O TRUTH! what a
DEITY art THOU?---thy smile might
chace away despair. But what are these
reflections to the pusillanimous and
false

G. LASCELLES?

LETTER

LETTER CI.

From the Marquis of N. to Miss DE
GREY.

MADAM,

DO a stranger the honour to deliver the inclosed (after you have yourself read it) to the greatest and most accomplished villain upon earth. I take this mode of getting my letter to his hand, that you, whom I presume to be young and innocent, may, if not too late, escape the wrongs that are heaped upon the head of

The Marquis of N.

The inclosed to Captain CARLISLE.

SIR,

As *cowardice* is not, I hope, amongst the number of your vices, I send you this honourable warning, that I shall be within ten paces of Prudence Place at twelve o'clock *this* night, to pay you a double debt, the first in nature of a money obligation, the second in recompence for having debauched the *wife of a friend*. Your conduct would warrant assassination: but I scorn it.

The Marquis of N.

P. S.

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 187

P. S.

I have no design to rob you of the Marchioness. She is fighting for you *where you placed her*. If you exceed my appointment but a single moment, I will be in your house. My soul is determined.

M. of N.

LETTER

LETTER CII.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

AT length, my dear Miss LASCELLES, the long line of mysteries is unravelled. Yes, my friend, the cause of your poor LUCIA's anxiety is now no longer problematical. Alas! it is made but too manifest! So there IS an Italian attachment I find after all! the warm heart of Captain CARLISLE could not, it seems, remain insensible of beauty, blooming under so bright a sun. Nay, his passion, to do him justice, is of the most fashionable kind. A *wife* has been his object: to give him greater eclat—the wife of his *friend*—

Oh,

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 189

Oh, Miss LASCELLES, I have not patience to go on—Oh that I could find—that I could but have a single glance of this all-accomplished Marchioness of N—! *That* is his *dulcinea*—She must be *very* handsome—she must, certainly, surpass all the ladies on this side the line—Heavens, Miss LASCELLES, what an angel she must be!—I must be a—but why do I talk of such a deformity as myself! The superior charms of the Marchioness—Oh, Miss LASCELLES, that I could see her!

But from whom do you suppose I received this illustrious intelligence?—even from the injured husband himself. The letter of the Marquis is at this minute before me. My eye, even now, fixes upon that part of the epistle where—

Oh,

Oh, Miss LASCELLES, however merited the vengeance which I now perceive hanging over the head of CARLISLE, his life is still precious to me, and I must make an effort at least to prevent the mischief—I thought him, my friend, the very *Tutor of Truth*, instead of which, I behold him the Preceptor of Infamy—yet—for his *life*—let it be preserved, that he may *mend* it.

What measure shall I take? There is no time for choice or deliberation—a few hours only are between Captain CARLISLE and Death! — Death! — Death!—Oh, Miss LASCELLES, I am distracted!

LUCIA DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER CIII.

Captain CARLISLE to G. LASCELLES,
Esquire.

(Sent previous to his knowledge of the
Marquis's arrival.)

SUCH is my joy since this
happy alteration in the posture of af-
fairs at Prudence Place, my LASCELLES,
that it is impossible for me to leave it
again till the loveliest of women is firmly
and irrevocably mine. I have fixed in
my mind Saturday next for that blessed
change in my condition; against which
time I could wish to present the lovely
LUCIA DE GREY with certain little
elegancies that might shew *my attention*,
though they can never add any thing
to

192 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

to the graces of *her person*. Do you then, my friend, be my agent upon this occasion. Let *your* taste be consulted, and give *mine* the credit of it. I inclose you an order for five thousand pounds, and I recommend you by a line to a person who hath a better *mechanical* knowledge, than you or I, of the true water, and intrinsic excellence of diamonds. This business must be done immediately, and you are not to forget, that in doing it, you oblige LUCIA DE GREY, at the time you oblige

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

LETTER

LETTER CIV.

Miss LUCIA DE GREY to Miss LAS-
CELLES.

WHO, CAROLINE, can say
unto misery, thus far shalt thou go and
no farther? I am more compleatly a
wretch than ever.

Soon after I had sent away my last,
CARLISLE came to pay me the compli-
ments of the day. He paid them with
the best dissembled tenderness you ever
saw. He congratulated his heart upon
the return of its tranquillity—He took
my hand, and carried it with a zeal

VOL. II.

S

which

which any woman might have taken for real, to his lips. He even talked, with blooming cheeks, upon the day of marriage : he pretended that he suffered unutterable things by delay. He said, he should never be happy till I was his. He absolutely carried the cruel joke so far as to assert, he had commissioned your brother to purchase decorations for the joyful day !

This seemed a proper opportunity to draw up the curtain, and discover the first scene of his farce. Oh ! what a dialogue !

“ I think, Mr. CARLISLE, you wrote some letters to my father from the house of a Marquis of N. during your residence at Rome ? ”

“ I did,

"I did, Madam—I did, my dear LUCIA."

"You spoke, I think, occasionally, of the Marchioness's his Lady?"

"I did. She is a charming woman. Except LUCIA DE GREY, I never saw a lovelier."

"Pshaw, your exception is a flattery. Is she sensible?"

"She is, beyond imagination."

"You were upon very good terms, no doubt?"

"The best in the world. I have sat the whole evening conversing with her upon subjects even of science."

"A *learned* Lady then!"

"Rather *accomplished* than learned: she wants, however, that gentleness which distinguishes the lovely LUCIA DE GREY."

"You left her, certainly, with regret?"

"Had it not been for LUCIA DE GREY, whom I fondly expected to see, it might have been so."

"Is she still at Rome, Captain CAR-
BISLE?"

"I fancy not, LUCIA. The Marquis visits in Rome, but his home is Paris. Though the Marchioness herself is a native of England, and I had the pleasure to revive her acquaintance
with

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 197

with her own language so much, that she now speaks it as fluently as the French and Italian."

"Those were agreeable *tele-a-teles*. Pray did she never express any desire to see her native country?"

"Oh often—almost every hour."

"Was it not incumbent on your politeness, CLEMENT, to offer them a—"

"I did; but the Marquis was obliged to take a journey to the interior part of Italy."

"The Marchioness accompanied him, no doubt?"

S 3

"No,

"No, she was ill at that time with a cold, and did not go with the Marquis."

"I protest I should not have been surprized if she had, in such an absence, played truant, and come over to her native country with you, CLEMENT?"

"With me—LUCIA—come over with me—Why that, you know, would have been—a—a—"

"Like a woman of spirit, that is all. I dare say now, CLEMENT, if you would but confess, this *has* been the case."

"How can you think so?—what reason in nature have you—to—to—?"

"Why,

"Why, not much reason, indeed; but a billet, which I received this morning, mentions a Lady that, in some degree, allowing for the alteration, as Mr. HENRY HAWSON says, answers the description of the Marchioness."

"May I—may I beg permission to peruse your billet, Lucia?—Is it from—"

"'Tis from a quite new correspondent; and, by-the-by, there is a small inclosure for you. Here are both."

I gave him, Miss LASCELLES, the Marquis's letter.

"It is very true, Miss DE GREY," said he, without any emotion, after reading them, "that the Marchioness is at present under my protection; and
it

it is true also that she came to England, though not with me, very soon after me."

"Is it? then the Marquis is not angry without cause?"

"It is a painful circumstance to relate, my dear LUCIA, though there is no guilt on either side. You will excuse me on the subject. I beg you will, for a few hours, keep the matter from Mr. DE GREY, and all the rest of the family. I shall certainly wait upon the Marquis, and accommodate every thing. She is still worthy of his affection."

Did you ever, CAROLINE, see *guilt confessed*, carried with so high a hand? He is so habituated, I suppose, to crimes of this nature, in his Italian connexions, that he thinks nothing of it. 'Tis, in his

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 201

his notion, I dare say, an innocent freedom, and not seduction. Was there ever so composed a libertine? He has just made his bow, without any other sort of disorder, and walked off.—Let him fight, CAROLINE! let him fall—I hate the sight of him—I—I—I—oh, my God, my God, what a wretch I am!

LUCIA DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER CV.

From the Same to the Same.

AN, CAROLINE, CAROLINE!
 I renounced the barbarous reflection—
 I shuddered at the horrid idea of CL-
 MENT CARLISLE's death. This mo-
 ment have I sent the inclosed to that
 ungenerous man. I wait the issue with
 anguish inexpressible.

Adieu,

Adieu.

[The

[The Inclosed.]

From Miss DE GREY to Captain CAR-
LISLE.

SIR,

I CONJURE you to preserve your life, or at least not to risque the loss of it. Do not meet the Marquis. Ah, what have I said? Have I recommended cowardice to my—to—to Mr. CARLISLE? Yet, what can courage do to the man of conscious guilt? it can, at best, only aggravate guilt by precipitating death to the man who is already wronged. I charge you to—
to—

204 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

to—I know not what to say to you,
Captain CARLISLE. You have mur-
dered the peace of the unhappy

LUCIA DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER CVI.

From the Same to the Same.

HE *will* go, Miss LASCELLES—He talks with firmness and the coolest fortitude of his innocence. He even accuses me of an unkind suspicion. He hath that *philosophy* of assurance, if I may so call it, to confront conviction. Yet, I am cheared at the idea—Ah! if it should *indeed* be possible for his avowed innocence to appear—if it should indeed be possible—

Alas! it is *not* possible. Is she not under *his protection*? Is she not the handsomest woman in *Italy*? Is not

VOL. II.

T

her

her husband at hand to take vengeance on the seducer?—

But yet, who knows what softening circumstances may at length turn out, on the side of Mr. CARLISLE—In the mean time he may, perhaps, fall a victim to appearances—Oh, what agony besets me on either side!—Why, CAROLINE, do you not write to the wretched

LUCIA DE GREY?

LETTER

LETTER CVII.

From the Same to the Same.

IT strikes ten o'clock—We have just risen from supper. CARLISLE did the honours of the table (my father choosing to sup in his room) with as much grace and composure as ever. He was neither more dejected nor elated than usual; and he behaved to me, as if an upbraiding sentiment had never past between us. . He was dressed in his new regimentals—His Colonel's commission is come down. I think I never saw him look so lovely—He says it seems awkward to be called Colonel.

T 2

Surely

208 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Surely he must—he *must* be innocent, and if he *is*—O, Heavens! he is gone out of his room: I heard his door shut—Excuse me, CAROLINE, I must not lose sight of him. If he goes, I have a foreboding that he will fall—What then remains for your

LUCIA DE GREY?

P. S.

I dare not acquaint my father.

LETTER

LETTER CVIII.

Mr LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

THE obstinate Marchioness hath rejected all nourishment till this day, with a pertinacious violence and resolution peculiarly her own. I was alarmed even for her life, and her death would, at this conjuncture of affairs, be the most unseasonable thing that could possibly happen. This apprehension is removed by the receipt of the inclosed billet—You will *there* see the terms upon which she requested CARLISLE'S direction. You will see too that it

T 3

would

would have been impolitic in me, under such circumstances (and especially as she must be too feeble to stir abroad), to stand out with her. Besides this, I have her *under guard*; the trusty MARYANNE will not suffer a second escape. The Marchioness seems much more composed. She does not beat her beautiful bosom; she does not loudly lament her fate as before: the maid is this moment passing my room, in her way to the apartment of my poor sick CAROLINE, with assurances of AUGUSTA's tranquillity—Thus far, therefore, there is a treaty betwixt me and agony. But this is only guarding against the enemy in one quarter, while one is more open to his attack in another. The Marquis is certainly hovering about—Perhaps he is gone down with the sword of Italian-taught revenge
even

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 211

even to Prudence Place ; upon that supposition the utmost confusion, if not, the most complicated death succeeds : upon that supposition too, I am not safe in this house a moment. I know not what to do ! let me think a little.

GEORGE LASCELLES:

[The

[The Inclosed.]

From the Marchioness to Mr. LASCELLES.

THE Marchioness will be quite easy, and will submit with the greatest patience to her confinement, if Mr. LASCELLES will give her some such written testimony as may be convincing, that the person of CARLISLE is not in imminent danger—If it *is* in danger, the Marchioness will never more, during her whole life, complain, if Mr. LASCELLES will warn that gentleman of his real situation by forwarding the card inclosed by a special courier.

AUGUSTA N.

To

To Captain CARLISLE,

SIR,

ONE whom it seems you
detest, and who is, in your opinion, a
wanton, takes this method of informing
you, that, while you continue in
England, your *life* is at a hazard from
the Marquis of N. As you value that,
therefore, go immediately to some place
of safety, where you are not the object
of an assassin. You will think I am
sincere in this counsel, when I further
inform you that the *chamber* of Au-
gusta would be the only part of the
world, where the tenderness of that
foolish wanton dare not now wish you.

AUGUSTA N * * *

LETTER

LETTER CIX.

Mr. LASCELLES to Mr. HEATHCOATE.

LET no man despair, HEATHCOATE; let him rather put his trust in this maxim of the song,

“The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.”

Blessed be the hand of the postman, and may he ever travel through the winter night in security, for bringing me so many cordials. Oh, HEATHCOATE, how infinitely are our pains and pleasures dependent upon half a sheet of paper, made legible by so insignificant a thing as a goose’s feather!

“Heav’n first taught letters for some wretch’s aid.”

But

But I have not time for either sentiment or poetry. Would you believe it, my friend? all is yet quiet at Prudence Place. CARLISLE's affair with his LUCIA goes on smoothly, and he has absolutely inclosed me an order for five thousand pounds to—to—to—what do you think?—even to purchase jewels for the day of marriage. Could I possibly have a greater proof of nothing having yet happened respecting the Marquis?—But on the other hand, this general quietus cannot much longer be expected. We shall certainly soon have a fresh alarm: the present calm I take to be only one of those which succeeds one tempest, and foretells another. Take my word for it, the clouds are again collecting, and will again break, perhaps with more fury than ever—This then is the moment to strike some master-stroke—

stroke—This is the time to—to—soft!
let me again think a little.

In Continuation.

Te Deum, my friend, *Te Deum*! it is found—it is found!—You and I are in cursed situations. We have absolutely *elbowed* ourselves out of every thing. Our very liberty is become precarious; but our friendship has been as firm, as our conduct has been cautious. We have won and lost together. At present fortune is kind, and hath put into our hands *five thousand trumps*. A curse upon character, while we have these golden *honours*. Now then, my friend, now while the *odd trick* is ours, let us repair all by one lucky hit. My sister has a morsel of independency, enough for the substance of such a character—

character—The Marchioness will, either by Heaven, or by her husband, be soon provided for: CARLISLE is rich enough to *lose* a sum of 5000*l.*—We are poor enough to *find* it acceptable—You understand me. All is *still* in my house—I am going to slip on a riding-dress—I shall desire to see you in the same situation exactly at—

Peace—peace! by Heaven, HEATHCOATE, it is not yet too late to improve our winning cards four-fold. It is not too late to observe my appointment with Sir ANDREW. I am sure four horses will carry me to the edge of the village, at least an hour before the appointment: in half that time I will contrive a secret party with Sir ANDREW, and make with him such terms of fighting, as shall not only *purse-draw*, but *draft-draw* him. Here is one of the

218 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

tribe of Benjamin, who will give me solid monies for his flimsy paper, HEATHCOATE. These preliminaries being settled, he will naturally leave me in expectation of the battle-loving MEDWAY; and in that moment, my friend, will I—but hush, as MEDWAY says, no noise—Leave every thing to me. Be ready. I shall put this letter into the office, where I take chaise, and, if occasion sees fit, shall dispatch others upon the road, or even by especial messengers, for you know how I act in a *plot*. Adieu—I shall press this with my seal and be gone—Adieu—I could not help listening at AUGUSTA's door—all quiet there—CAROLINE almost snores—MARYANNE winks in her wicker chair—I have *stript* the house. It is a mere shell, so now I will leave it—again

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CX.

The Marchioness of N * * * to Signora
 ——— at Rome.

BE it sufficient apology to you for my late silence, that I tell you I have been a prisoner till within this hour, without the privilege of getting a letter to the post. Such is the consequence of following the fortunes of the man you love. But on this subject I can speak no more. My strength is almost gone, and yet I am setting out for a journey—The horses are putting to the carriage. It is not to *Rome*. It is not to *Paris*—No, Signora, it is to the retreat of Captain CARLISLE. Yes, my VIOLA, I have at length obtained

his address, his *real* address, and I am going at full speed to make use of it—Be not startled, my friend—I set out with no hostile design.—My violent wishes for revenge are all composed now their object is in my power—In my power, VIOLA? oh, Heavens, CARLISLE is in the Marquis's power—Even now *perhaps* there may be an horrid interview—My blood runs cold at the thought—Oh that the horses were ready!—They *are*—they *are*!—The postilion opens to me the door—I will take the unfinished letter in my pocket—I will pay double—*double*, VIOLA; I will pay an *hundred fold* for my speed—the life—the precious life of *Carlisle* is in danger—I am gone—

In Continuation.

There is five minutes stop to change horses---the other poor faithful creatures

tures are panting before me—I take up a very bad pen to tell you, that, though I am now travelling in the night, and that a dark one, I travel as a man, and am not without arms. Join with me, VIOLA, to bless the name of MARYANNE—To a poor creature so called am I indebted for at least the chance of saving the loveliest of men—the *chance*! oh, my God, is it then reduced to a chance?—to a bare probability? I would sooner have every other work of nature annihilated, than that the least misery should happen to CLEMENT CARLISLE—Ah! Signora, that the Marquis of N. had been such a man!—I am summoned—the letter must not yet be sent away——Adieu.

222 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

In Continuation.

We are changing again—but I am always somewhat the later, as there is, it seems, a gentleman travelling with equal speed, the same road, and he forestalls the swiftest horses. Perhaps, Signora, it is the *Marquis*—Perhaps every turn of his carriage-wheels precipitates the fate of my *CARLISLE*—oh horror—horror!—oh that the horses had wings instead of feet!—Thank heaven they look fleetier than my last—They are pawing, and champing the bit proudly before me—I shed tears of joy at the symptom—I move onwards—

In Continuation.

Ah! Signora—Signora, I am agitated by ten thousand fears—The person,

son, who is going so furiously before me, proves to be LASCELLES—The maid who released me from my prison-chamber told me he was gone a different road—What can be the meaning of this?—I have all along described the person of the Marquis, but have received no account that answers—Perhaps he may be yet tracing his enemy, as he calls him, through the streets of London, and I may still be so happy as to preserve him—Oh, VIOLA! what a charming thought!

The pen and ink is with me in the chaise—You must dispense with a handwriting scarcely legible—

I keep at proper distance from the carriage of LASCELLES—I have bribed
my

my postilion into implicit obedience—
 Money seems to do every thing in this
 country—

Oh Heavens, VIOLA! we are in the
 middle of the last stage—LASCELLES
 increases his pace—How shall I obtain
 an interview with CARLISLE? Shall I
 drive directly to the house and require
 an audience? Shall I carry to him ter-
 ror in my look, and insist upon being
 heard?

Ah, no, Signora—Let me not, now
 that all my unhappy enthusiasm for re-
 venge is over—let me not interrupt the
 scheme of joy that is carrying on be-
 twixt him and a worthy woman—Why,
 poor innocent! should her passion be
 destroyed by mine?—*Her's is regular—*
chaste,

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 225

chaste, correct, consistent—*She* never intentionally clashed with the unfortunate Marchioness of N * * *

NO, VIOLA, I will never disturb the gentle bosom of another woman, whom I know to be guiltless—Let them be happy, Signora—Let them be happy—I shall be in my grave.

I have come to a resolution, VIOLA! I will discharge my carriage before I enter the town, and then wrapping myself up in my coat, walk on, till I enquire out some inn or open house—There will I *write* my fears, and send them to Mr. CARLISLE. If his answer mentions his safety, and his intention to remain so, I will then return to—ah, whither, Signora—I have no house—no fortune—no husband—no friend—

And

And shall I depart without even seeing him?—Hard—a very hard trial for me, VIOLA! oh, what feelings oppress me!—No matter—no matter—My fatal love has already endangered his precious life, and if I can now save him, I will be content to suffer.

LASCELLES paid off his chaise before me—We stopt within a quarter of a mile of the village—I saw him descend—he walk'd briskly on—I hastened to discharge my account—saw both the carriages return homeward, and prepared to follow Mr. LASCELLES—I will follow *his* steps precisely, unless they lead directly to Mr. CARLISLE, and delicacy shall prevail, though the sacrifice were to kill me.

Ha!

Ha! the postman blows his horn—
he passes me—he takes my packet, tho'
his bags are sealed—I pay for his civi-
lity—Upon the chance of my letters
getting to Rome, I make use of the
wafer I have in my pocket, and send it
away.

Oh!—Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER CXI.

MISS DE GREY TO MISS LASCELLES.

His gone, Miss LASCELLES, he is gone. I saw him move with the most reserved steps towards the green lane that leads to the horrid scene of rencontre.

I am resolved to pursue him, let the consequence be what it will.

Your

L. D. G.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

From the Same to the Same.

NEVER surely, Miss LASCELLES, was any scene so complicated with horrors and surprises, as that to which I have just been a witness. I write now in the deepest distress, and in a house of general mourning. In the first place, Miss LASCELLES, your brother is no more—the fair but unhappy occasion of his death is also near her end, and the husband is almost distracted. Ah, my CAROLINE, how I tremble!

But it is necessary for me, however painful, to proceed to the minutest of this horrid business.

VOL. II,

X

I traced

I traced Mr. CARLISLE, unobserved, till he came within view of the spot. I heard somebody advance from behind a tree. It was the Marquis of N * * *. It was too late to discover myself, or to hope any thing from entreaties. They joined, and walked together. I went tremblingly behind. CARLISLE told the whole history of the unfortunate AUGUSTA. He attributed the whole to frolic: he protested that she was still under the most sacred protection at the house of Mr. LASCELLES in London. He pleaded a thousand apologies — Pledged himself for her fidelity. The Marquis would scarce suffer him to finish a single sentence without interruption: he is the most headstrong man in the world; he execrated CARLISLE as a *seducer*; he even reprobated him as a *coward*. He insisted upon taking his life, if it was not immediately

immediately defended. He strode onward to measure the ground.

“A little farther *on* then, Sir,” said he to the Marquis, “this is not a proper place for our, in my opinion, very unnecessary business. — Behind yonder house is a heath, the clash of our weapons will not there be heard.”

I was ready to expire, my dearest Miss LASCELLES, at every step, and with very great difficulty escaped observation.

“If it *must* be so, Sir,” continued CARLISLE, “this is the spot.”

At this moment, Miss LASCELLES, we heard a confused murmur of voices. The sounds came from the other side of a small plantation of firs.

“ Stop, Sir,” cried the Marquis—
 “ no witnesses—all fair play, if you
 please; I do not mean to assassinate
 you, *Carlisle*; nor shall you assassinate
 me.”

They both went on the other side of
 the plantation—The moon shot forth
 her ray at the very instant of entering;
 and as if Providence designed it so, her
 beams were beyond comparison bright—
 Oh earth and heaven, what a scene was
 opened upon us from removing this
 curtain of darkness!

In one part we beheld the persons of
 Mr. MEDWAY and Mr. LASCELLES, as
 it proved to be, standing upon the de-
 fensive. In another, stood the figure of
 a *stripling* leaning pensively against a fir,
 as if he were unengaged in the combat,
 yet chose to be a spectator. At a small
 distance

distance (yet not sufficiently near to be distinguished for the persons they *really* were) clustered another groupe, as if they wished rather to see, than to be seen.

“ Confusion,” said MEDWAY, “ we are discovered. If I knew by *whom*, I would annihilate him—Ha!” continued he, looking in the face of his antagonist, “ by Heaven, this is not Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.”

“ I am his *friend*, Sir,” said the other, “ and I choose to fight for him—Curse on the moon-beams!”—

“ Good God,” cried CARLISLE, by this time come near enough to recognize him: “ Is it my friend LASCELLES, whom I behold?”

“*Carlisle!*” exclaimed Mr. LASCELLES—“Is it you?”

“Come, Sir,” said the Marquis eagerly, “no trifling — my time is precious.”

CARLISLE drew his sword.

“Oh, oh; hush — hush” — said MEDWAY; “softly — if that’s the case — no noise: we are all come upon the same errand, I find. Advance then, every man his bird, and there’s an end of it. As to Sir ANDREW, I will chastise him for *himself*, and in the mean time, as you think fit to represent him, I will chastise you for meddling in the quarrels of a fool — Come on, Sir.”

He fired his pistol in a moment: Mr. LASCELLES exchanged the salutation.

ration—They were preparing again—
The Marquis and CARLISLE began to
parry.

Mr. LASCELLES seeing this, eagerly
threw down his pistol:

“Stop, stop, for Heaven’s sake
stop,” said he to the Marquis—“touch
not—lift not your arm against CAR-
LISLE, I charge you—Here, Sir—here
into this bosom direct your vengeance—
'Tis I, Marquis, I have been the cause
of all your misfortune.”

There was no time for expostulation:
Mr. LASCELLES caught the sword from
the hand of CARLISLE, and insisted upon
first engaging with the Marquis.

CARLISLE was without arms. MED-
WAY hastened to arm him. The Mar-
quis

quis rushed upon him, without regarding LASCELLES.

LASCELLES again threw himself before CARLISLE, and even pushed vigorously at the Marquis. He was at length provoked to begin with your brother, my dear Miss LASCELLES. The very first thrust of the Marquis was fatal, for the weapon passed thro' the side of Mr. LASCELLES into his heart. The Marquis received a wound also in exchange—

Your brother had scarce fallen, before the stripling, whom the other objects had prevented from more notice (and who had, indeed, retired farther off upon seeing us) now came forward in a feeble manner, and fell upon the ground almost at the feet of the Marquis.

“ Desist,

“ Desist, desist,” said the poor thing, in the most piercing tone in the world—
“ desist from farther altercation—Here lies, at the point of all her wishes, the unhappy cause of——”

The sentence was left unfinished, for the speaker of it fainted away.

Oh, Miss LASCELLES, it was the Marchioness of N. * * * in disguise--- She had raised her own beautiful arm against her own charming bosom. The point of a small sword was still sticking there.

I ran to her relief.

The Marquis stood fixed in horror, but still looked sullen.

MEDWAY.

MEDWAY was gone.

CARLISLE was agonized by the most divided attention.

The Marchioness appeared to be expiring—She requested to be carried to LASCELLES, who was in the same situation—

It is too hard a task for me, Miss LASCELLES, to recount to you the dreadful particulars of this pathetic scene. It is incumbent upon me, however, to observe, that such circumstances appeared on the part of your brother by his own dying confession, that, as it is impossible for his life to have been happy, you will the less lament him. *You*, however, my dear Miss LASCELLES, he cleared from every imputation that might, in consequence of these

these discoveries, have been thrown upon you—He confessed his error—he bathed the lovely hand of poor AUGUSTA with his last tears. He received her forgiveness—As for the Marchioness herself—Oh, Miss LASCELLES—words can give you no idea of her situation.

She was tremblingly sensible to every thing—She looked tenderly at me, and gave my hand to CARLISLE.

She gave it as she lay bleeding before us—We conveyed her to Prudence Place. Her husband is not even yet convinced of his cruelties, yet she kissed his hand—She wondered not, she said, at CARLISLE's preference.

“Superior beauty added to superior virtue,” said she, taking my hand, “might well conquer.”

Ah,

Ah, CAROLINE! how I felt this flattery—It went through my very heart---My father wept over her—I never saw a house of so much misery---Poor CARLISLE's condition was more touching than the rest—He execrates himself as the innocent cause of all---The Marquis and he are now together---The Marquis seems not to regard his wound, which is deeper than we imagined---yet he is not so tender as he should be to AUGUSTA. Your brother is laid on CARLISLE's bed---I saw him, a little while since, take his lifeless hand gently, and turn away weeping.

“Poor fellow,” said he, afterwards, to me, “the beauty of the temptation was great---his love of the dice may well account for *all* the rest. I loved him much---Let his failings excite no other

other terror than that of making us the wiser for his example.

Here, my CAROLINE, is a prospect darkened---Do not believe I can rejoice under such circumstances---Your brother's corpse will be---Oh, CAROLINE; these are hard subjects---I must resign them to a firmer hand than that of the trembling

LUCIA DE GREY.

too busy in this house within these few hours, I cannot bear to have a trick put upon me without punishing the trickster. You imposed upon me a stranger whom I might have sent to the shades, with out any right to do so. But you are yet in the land of the living, and I insist upon justice. You sent a challenge with your own hand. If you do not VOW, you shall have a LETTER without

LETTER CXII.

MR. MEDWAY to Sir ANDREW FLIGHT.

SIR,

THO' death hath been but too busy in this house within these few hours, I cannot bear to have a trick put upon me without punishing the tricker. You imposed upon me a stranger, whom I might have sent to the shades, without any right so to do. But *you* are yet in the land of the living, and I insist upon justice. You sent a challenge with your own hand. If you do not meet me this night, by the way of hush, without

without any noise, I will cane a coward all the way from Prudence Place to the Duke of Downderdale's.

Hush—you comprehend me.

O. MEDWAY:

 Y_2O_3

LETTER

LETTER CXIV.

Mr. DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

Dear MADAM,

THE tears that flowed from the eyes of LUCIA, as she bade the servant carry a letter with your address to the post, convince me, how sincerely she joins me in deploring the unhappy circumstances of Mr. LASCELLES's death. Yet, what consolation can, in these cases, be offered to you? Notwithstanding your brother's mistakes in other respects, his *fraternal* affection might be very unblemished: if so, you will naturally

turally cast a veil of oblivion over such parts of his character as were concealed from you and his other friends, and you must lament that part of the misfortune which deprives you of a tender relation. LUCIA's society, however, may assist your sense, and smoooth your path to that acquiescence which must be obtained. Come therefore, dear Madam, amongst us: or rather, prepare yourself for such a journey. It is not, methinks, adviseable to be here till after the present week. Mr. LASCELLES, with his dying breath, bequeathed his remains to CLEMENT CARLISLE. He requested that the legacy might be accepted as a testimony of Mr. CARLISLE's forgiveness. He will perform his duty to your satisfaction.

Our situation is too painful at this crisis for me to proceed. But let it

248 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

be considered, for indeed the poet is right,

"Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,
And he who knows not that, was born for
nothing."

I am sincerely yours,

ROBERT DE GRAY.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

From Miss DE GREY to Miss LAR-
CELLES.

WHAT a peculiarity of dis-
position marks the Marquis of N***!
Though his wound, which he received
from your brother, is become more
alarming, he insisted upon being per-
mitted to go into the apartment of the
poor languishing AUGUSTA at a very
unseasonable hour of the last night.
CARLISLE dissuaded him from this; but
soon after he again renewed the subject,
and was admitted.

He .

He shut to the door, and spoke to his Lady in a very ungentle manner. We were going to expostulate with him upon the impropriety of this conduct, when he came out of the room, and told us, the Marchioness would be well enough to depart soon.—He did not stay for any reply to this strange intelligence, but ran down stairs into the saloon, and from thence into the stable. He insisted upon his horse, on which, under pretence of taking the air, tho' he was scarce able to sit, he rode away at full speed. He disturbed us, to enjoy this frolic, in the middle of the night; and he has not been heard of since. Surely there never lived so singular a character.

Alas! the Marchioness is by no means in the recovering way the Marquis represented her. Though her wound was
more

more promising at the last dressing, her fever is rather increased than abated, Yet she has never spoken disrespectfully of this strange husband since her illness. She seemed much relieved, however, at the news of his being gone. "Then," says she, "I shall die in peace: he will not come again to abuse me."

How pathetically, my dear Miss LASCELLES, am I concerned for the life of this lovely woman!—Do not believe I counterfeit: I speak sincerely. Her conduct has a larger apology in the treatment of so barbarous a husband. —Pray Heaven! she may recover.

Since I wrote this sentence, I have been at her bed-side, and she cried out—"Oh, Miss DE GREY, how good you are?—Violent as I have been—for which I know you will forgive me—
had

256 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH

had I known Mr. CARLISLE'S LUCIA before, I am convinced my veneration for her would have cured me. If I wish to recover, Madam, it is only to shew you my gratitude: indeed it is!

Oh, CAROLINE, that she may live; even though the Marquis is unworthy of her, is the prayer of

Your

LUCIA DE GREY

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. TOWNSEND.

HERE'S pretty news for you! A rascally Lord refuses to give me satisfaction, and a villainous Baronet has writ me a challenge, and run away without keeping his appointment. He wanted, moreover, to have bilk'd me by a representative, one LASCELLES, who is killed by another hand, just as he was going to attack me for a sum of money, with a design to send me to the shades, and make off with the price of killing me. There have, also, several other strange things happened in this family of late. There is a wounded Marquis gone just now bleeding

ing away: and his wife is upon her, as I think, death-bed. For this last matter I am much concerned, as she is, even now, a most lovely young creature, and I hate, of all things, that young handsome women should die; though the Marquis, her husband, has no worthy quality belonging to him but his courage. I choose to give up my pretensions to LUCIA. I choose to give her to CARLISLE, because she loves him, I find, better than me. I choose to alter my will in her favour. All these points are so many touches of my humour. But as to this Baronet, I must hunt him every where on this side Heaven, till I have him upon his knees. He made his escape ingloriously this morning, and indeed lurked about the house like a scout with a pale face, ever since the death of LASCELLES, his bravado. I will either *pink* him, or *bumble* him,

TOWNSEND,

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 253

TOWNSEND, were he to take refuge under the hoop-petticoat of his aunt DOWNDERDALE. I will not be tricked—Hush—no noise. My honour must be satisfied *another* way; the opportunity is at hand. I would not die with a debt upon my sword for the world. Hush—

O MEDWAY.

Vol. II.

Z

LETTER

LETTER CXVII.

From the Same to Mr. GABRIEL HEW-
SON.

SIR,

You some time ago brought a letter of assignation from Sir A. F. who is gone off without either drawing his sword, or firing his pistol. Which of these do *you* choose? He being gone, the laws of honour require (in my idea) that you should represent him—I must therefore have a shot, or a stroke at you—Hush.

OL. MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

From the same to T. TOWNSEND, Esq.

SURELY, TOWNSEND, it is fated for me to be pestered with rascals ! I expected satisfaction from the cowardly *second* of the vile Sir A. F. and, behold you, I had no sooner intimated my design, than *he* took to his heels also, and sends me the sorry excuse I inclose to you.

But, by Heaven, I will have them both on their knees yet—Hush.

O. MEDWAY.

[The Inclosed.]

From Mr. GABRIEL HEWSON to Mr.
MEDWAY.

Sombre-Hedges.

SIR,

THE most superlative degree of astonishment seized me at the receipt of your letter. As to Sir A. F.'s epistle, I knew not its contents, and I do not find any law in my classic oracles—Tully, Tacitus, and Pliny Junior, not forgetting the golden-ruled Epictetus, which ordain the single combat to be fought by the carrier of a challenge.

[The

Besides

Besides this, Sir, my authors tell me, such battles are criminal, and that he who kills a man by the way of a duel sports with that eternity which he enters upon, without his commission. But you are a very fierce gentleman, and if the sage Socrates himself was to tell you, you were in the wrong, I do not doubt but you would stigmatize the venerable seer as a coward.

To avoid all these concussions of the soul and body, and to fly from a scene which is no longer fit for a scholar's residence, I have betaken myself away, and send this immediately on my arrival at Sombre-Hedges.

If I have unwittingly offended, Sir, be assured that I implore a thousand pardons; and that I may never offend again, be satisfied also, that I will no

258 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

more put my head into high places,
where the superior powers of the food-
ful earth are quarrelling in the face of
day for want of other avocation.

I am your's,

GABRIEL HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER CXIX.

Mr. MEDWAY to the Duke of Down-
DERDALE.

My LORD,

YOUR nephew has run away. When I thought of giving him the meeting, I imagined him my equal—that is to say, I imagined him an honest man, who is a prince's equal. But, within these few minutes, I have found him very much *my* inferior, and below my sword, by being—a *villain*; who not only hired a tool to fight for him, but had condescended to lay plots for the *destruction* of the *sex* which he ought

260 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

ought to *protect*. This, therefore, is written to acquaint him, that I have, for the future, nothing to do with any part of him but his *nose*, which I shall twist as nearly round as possible, when I see him. No noise. Let him keep his secret, and no greater harm will happen to him, from the *supreme indignation* of

OLLY MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER CXX.

Mr. MEDWAY to Mr. GABRIEL HEW-
SON.

SIR,

COLONEL CARLISLE and Mr. DE GREY have interceded with me to accept your apology; you may therefore go safely to bed in Sombre-Hedges, with Pliny Junior, although I have just heard you were bold enough to write a letter to *Lucia* upon a certain subject at a certain time—Hush—you comprehend me. However, let that pass. Read in a corner and keep at home for the future.

You

262 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

You did me justice in supposing I would not take an affront from Socrates. By Heaven, I would not brook a wrong look from that Cæsar who penned his own commentaries—no, not from Mars himself. Never make a noise, but let *Hush* be your motto.

O. MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER CXXI.

Miss DE GREY to Miss LASCELLES.

NOT a word yet from the unaccountable Marquis, although we wish very much to send him news of his wife's surprising change for the better. By the care of our excellent physician, and by her own previous happy state of health, her wound is healed within a few days to every body's astonishment. Her candid behaviour to me has engaged not only my attention, but my tenderness. She says, she loves Mr. CARLISLE now, just as much as she ought to love an amiable man

264 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

man who is to be the husband of her protectress.

She never enquires after the Marquis.

I am summoned. Make yourself easy for Heaven's sake, my CAROLINE— This request is not more at the heart of your LUCIA, than at that of the beautiful Marchioness, who speaks of you with a warmth of gratitude peculiar to her. Poor thing, I hope we shall nurse her up yet.

Your

L. DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER CXXII.

From the Same to the Same.

THE occasion of my being so soon called away from my writing-desk, while I was last addressing my very dear CAROLINE, was to be present at an interview betwixt my father and Mr. and Mrs. HEWSON.

They desired a few minutes conversation with me and Mr. DE GREY, in the library. They came hand-in-hand. They opened the design of their visit immediately.

"Master DE GREY," said the husband, "I am obliged to you for all favours, but I have had enough of your high life: so has HETT: we have seen men killed, women wounded, friends fighting, honest men's wives attempted to be *'bauched*, and Lords taking pet without *'casion*. So in a few words, HETT and I have *'solved* to go back, and live again at Skelter. As to fine breedin, we'll make that out as well as we can. Better be *unp'lite*, Master DE GREY, than *'plite* enough to cut friend's throat, and *'bauch* friend's wife: so servant, Master DE GREY, and God be with you."

My father applauded this resolution, and without any more ceremony they parted.

They

They are this minute actually on their way to Helter-Skelter-Hall.

The Marchioness continues to improve. But—soft—There is a servant just dismounting from his horse, whose sides give smoking testimony of the rider's expedition.

He is coming into the house—his look and speed alarm me.

In Continuation.

Oh, Heaven, my CAROLINE, the Marquis of N * * * is no more. The messenger delivered a letter to the Marchioness which mentions his *death*. The letter is from a relation of his in
A a 2 London,

London, where he died—The wound being neglected, turned to a mortification, and dispatched him in a few hours—This obstinate man, it seems, shewed his resentment even upon his death-bed, and bequeathed all his fortune to a distant branch of his family—Not a single guinea to his Lady—She read the letter with very little emotion, considering what is said to be his natural violence. But she resolves to go directly to London, feeble as she is, and pay him the last duties. She hazards the air too soon, but she persists. CARLISLE says, she is deprived of every thing by this stroke, but a scanty jointure. I ventured to touch upon this. She frankly said, in answer, that she had sufficient fortune in the loss of a cruel, tyrannical husband!

In

In Continuation.

No intreaties can prevail upon the Marchioness to stay. She declares she is well. Her fever is indeed gone, but the Doctor says, she risques a relapse. She has paid to my father and me her parting civilities. They were terribly touching, CAROLINE. She suppressed a sigh as she gave her hand to CARLISLE; but she recovered herself, and with incredible resolution got into her chaise, accompanied by Mr. MEDWAY.

Pray come down to us immediately. With the different transitions from one affecting object to another, I am quite fatigued. I tremble for the Marchioness—I feel for you—I am unhappy to think it should be my fate to interfere

A. a. 3.

with

270 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

with the happiness of another woman.
Yet CLEMENT is too dear to be re-
signed, and poor, frail human nature
will prevail.

Hasten then to comfort the heart
of

Your

LUCIA DE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIII.

MISS LASCELLES to MISS DE GREY.

I WAVE all remarks upon the dark passages of our late correspondence, my dear MISS DE GREY; nor will I admit any strokes of the deeply-wounded heart in this letter, which is only to tell you, that I shall endeavour to be with you directly. I am stricken very hard, it is true, but I am still

Your own

CAROLINE LASCELLES.

LETTER

LETTER CXXIV.

SIR ANDREW FLIGHT to Mr. HEATH-
COATE.

Dover.

I SUPPOSE you know the transactions of MEDWAY, LASCELLES, &c. &c. I am a ruined man—Uncle banishes me—MEDWAY threatens me—Have, however, received a last supply, as uncle calls it, with which I shall set off for Paris—I have crept here like a runaway—the laugh is against me—LASCELLES was a sad dog—However, uncle may still come round, and till he does, farewell to

ANDREW FLIGHT.

LETTER

LETTER CXXV.

Helter, Skelter-Hall.

MR. HENRY HEWSON TO MR. GABRIEL.

WE have gotten again to the Hall, brother GAB—sick to the souls of us of the *p'lite* thing. HATT, and I, never saw old Skelter look so well in our lives—What's better, the old moss and stones have not been yet meddled with. Every thing was glad to see us come *wbame* again—Dog Dashgrove got grin into's feace, just as thof he was *p'lite*, and I *thouft* spaniel bitch would have lost tail with wagging it at me. I took pointer out, and ha' shotten

274 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

shotten 2 brace o'birds, half which I
 fend you by carrier. HETT last night
 made fillabub, and milk'd crumple-horn
 herself—What do you think of that?
 She may blefs herself she was not '*bauched*,
 and you, that that son of a gun MED-
 WAY did not *pounce* you—There's doings
 indeed! A curse on't, a man can neither
keep's life nor wife 'mong your *p'lte*
genii. So much for *bettermost specie*.
 Afore I come away, I told Master DE
 GREY a bit of my mind. And atween
 ourselves, GAB, why should you and
 I go out of our way, to make fools
 of ourselves? CARLISLE is, to be sure,
 a good lad, but as for the rest o' the
 pack, 'cept Master DE GREY—hush—
 hush, as MEDWAY says—Never stir, if
 HETT and I did not lie in clover last
 night. We snuggled together in old
 yellow bed upon farmer's sheet of her
 own

own working, and we got up better than if we had been ducked in dainty down of *p'liter genii*. I'th' morning, in came neighbour Carter, Tim Tradleditch, Gef. Geehup, and Walter Wake, and ga' the bells a bit of a gangle on the 'cassion. Upon this, I tapt harvest-beer, No. 11. left side of little cellar, where cyder us'd to stand, you know—Upon this, we 'vited neighbours wives, and Abraham Amen, the clerk, and Davy Dipstick, the 'cise-man, and made a day out—Sure as you're *alive*—for which God be thank'd—HETT and I told the whole story—Never heard so much laugh at the frolic in your life—When I come to talk of *giving hand at gutter-work*, I thought old Amen would ha' gone into *stericks*—and when I talkt 'bout Lord BLESSINGBOURNE'S sticking out hinder part,
 “ A'cod,”

“A’cod,” cries Geff. Geehup, “an I had been behind un, I wou’d ha’ lent un such a *fisseraro*, that his hinder part should ha’ remembered me till Candle-mass.”

But to make short of the story, after a deal more merriment, we closed the whole affair by giving boys a *bunfire*; and what do you think we did—? dash my best buttons, if we did not send little black bag, tofficeums, florrididdles, and all into the fire. So here ends the affair of the *bettermost specie*—If you take my advice, GAB, you’ll do same. Come and make merry with us. As to our fortun: there is more ways than one to the wood. Let us help poor neighbours—Let us buy bit o’ land of one’s own—Let us set fatherless he or she up in business—Let us put friendless people

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 277

people in a way—In short, let us do any thing but be *p'lite* and good for nothing. HETT says so too.

Your ever loving brother,

HENRY HEWSON.

Vol. II.

B b

LETTER

LETTER CXXVI.

Sombre Hedges.

Mr. GABRIEL'S Answer.

I PERFECTLY approximate to my beloved brother's last sentiments. I see plainly that a quiet corner, and philosophical soul are the best of blessings. Helter-Skelter-Hall cannot be more dear to you, than Sombre Hedges are to *him* who is thy tenderly fraternally affectionate friend. I gave an entertainment last night, without sixpence expence, to better society that ever were seen at Prudence-Place, if we except the Colonel, his guardian, and Miss DE GREY. Who, thinketh my brother,

ther, was at my banquet? Even some of the greatest men of all antiquity—Homer, Horace, Cicero, and Seneca—*Such* friends will I never more leave, unless it is to visit my relations at Helter-Skelter-Hall.

I will suffer the sacred dust again to gather around my dwelling. I will again nurse my frugal blaze, and trim my decent lamp—I will once more plant the pensive yew, the oak o'er-shadowing, and the willow grey—Pensive pleasures shall again be mine, and those, who love the bustling of the world, shall not, if they are *pinch'd*, want a protector — Yes, HENRY — beloved HENRY—I am now refixed for life—My old woman shed a tear at my return—my cat rubb'd, fondling, her tabby sides against me, and, if it had

been possible, my dog would have spoke my welcome.

Again are you addressed by the dusky gentleman of Sombre Hedges, who is resolved to play no more the truant.

My *bag* (and other instruments of my folly) I shall not *burn*, but I have fixed it, in the deepest disgrace, upon a peg opposite my study, that it may ever be saying, or seeming to say unto me—
Oh GABRIEL, GABRIEL, be contented with thy own hair, and the best authors; though thou wert to be tempted by bags of gold instead of silk—

Adieu,

GABRIEL HEWSON.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVII.

Mr. MEDWAY to Colonel CARLISLE.

(Dated two months after his departure
from Prudence-Place.)

Dear Colonel,

I HAVE been the constant companion of this charming widow ever since we left your house. There is something about her that attaches me to her, but no circumstance so much, as that she has lost her fortune, and buried the fellow, who deprived her of it, decently. I do not know how it is,

B b 3

but

but she has got a stronger hold of my heart than ever your LUCIA had. The plague of it is, I suspect, she still likes you—yet I struck a bold stroke yesterday—

Mark it.

“Hush, hush, AUGUSTA,” said I, “it is not to be expected that OLLY MEDWAY should please your eye, after such a fine-formed fellow as CLEMENT CARLISLE, but he is engaged, you know—With respect to the Marquis, no noise, child, about him. He is not worth keeping terms of mourning with—I despise the black custom of seeming to lament, when one ought to jump for joy—Now the case stands thus: Can you behave well enough to OLLY MEDWAY, not to call him at every third

third word, CLEMENT CARDISLE? If you say you don't love the said CLEMENT, I should hate you: but can you take for a husband a man who loves him as much as *you* ought?"

"I believe, for *his* sake, and Miss De Grey's," replied she, sighing, "I could."

"But what do you sigh for then?"

"P'shaw—will Mr. MEDWAY comply with my terms?"

"Name them."

"Will he reconduct me to the house of Signora ———, at Italy?"

"No

"No noise—Shall I order a chaise to the door?"

"Yes."

"Hush."

Damn it, CARLISLE, she sigh'd *again*. But what a poor reduced rascal I must be! I like her well enough to take her any way.

"You must excuse," said she, "now and then a sigh—Even Miss DE GREY did not frown at me for that."

Confusion, CARLISLE, a tear, which I caught upon my lip, followed this remark.

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 285

remark. But what's a more childish trick still, the water came running from my eyes too.

Willing to get her a thousand miles from Prudence-Place, I am going to order a chaise.

I know no more than you, what will be the result of it; but I will follow my humour, were it to lead me to the end of the earth and the water.

I received your two letters, but pray keep your money for other purposes—There is no occasion to make the woman more uneasy by your damned presents.

Her

286 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

Her affairs are now *mine* : and whether she is ever nearer to me than she is now, no man shall dare to be her banker but

OLLY MEDWAY.

LETTER

LETTER CXXVIII.

From the Same to the Same.

Rome.

WE are with Signora —
AUGUSTA sigh'd, for the first six hundred miles of the journey, every half hour—the rest of the way, pretty well.—I have been with her to all her old friends—I have trotted after a fair face like a chit of nineteen—But she does not sigh above once a week—She suits my humour to a hair. I shall certainly have her in a short time—at least by the hand, and, if you don't interrupt me, perhaps by the heart.—Send word when you are married—That will be my cue. If you ever come to Rome, I will
move

288 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

move with the Marchioness further still, and if you resolve to pursue me, I will cut your throat. I did intend to give my money to *your* LUCIA, but I shall now give it to *my* AUGUSTA. Hush—I'll follow my humour. Hush—I am a man of few words; and the Marchioness loves me the better for it. Unless you die, which I don't wish, I will never return to England. No—no—Colonel, let us be good friends at a distance. No noise.

OLLY MEDWAY.

BETTER

LETTER CXXIX.

Colonel CARLISLE to Mr. MEDWAY.

Prudence-Green.

THEN all may again be well. Your letters charm me. AUGUSTA will every day become more sensible of MEDWAY's merit, and her good heart will be wholly his. What a load is now removing from LUCIA and your friend! Felicity seems once more to be flying towards Prudence-Place—Sir ANDREW FLIGHT has wisely decamped: MEDWAY and the Marchioness are in the way. I most wish them: the HEW-

290 THE TUTOR OF TRUTH.

sons are got home—Miss LASCELLES is so far composd to consent to live with her LUCIA : and Mr. DE GREY is better than he has been for some time.

What then remains ?

Ah, my friend, need you be told ?

The greatest blessing of your CLEMENT's life remains.

To-morrow will LUCIA DE GREY be mine *for ever* !

You will not expect me to proceed ?

What could I possibly say more ? yes, my dear MEDWAY, I will venture to add farther this one sentence.

However

THE TUTOR OF TRUTH. 291

However hypocrisy may flourish for a time, even its happiest moments are clouded, and *Truth* shall at last prevail.

I am,

Dear MEDWAY,

Your very affectionate,

And obedient,

CLEMENT CARLISLE.

F I N I S.